

**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**

Eisenhower Speech

THE first impression to be gained from reading the "State of the Union" message delivered by the American President is that as a speaker he lacks the power of oratory of his counterparts in France and Britain, and even his political rival, Mr. Adlai Stevenson. The second and more enduring impression is that in his homely way of speaking, Mr. Eisenhower succeeded in "putting over" the American Government's foreign policy in a way that is certain to appeal to the majority, if not all the Western allies. The second and more enduring impression is that in his homely way of speaking, Mr. Eisenhower succeeded in "putting over" the American Government's foreign policy in a way that is certain to appeal to the majority, if not all the Western allies.

BRITAIN has been quick to recognise that Mr. Eisenhower now accepts the position of an atomic state between the two world blocs in the cold war. From this point it is possible for the world leaders to proceed to honourable negotiation for an "enduring peace." Meanwhile the American plans for the defence of Democracy in the coming year, simply demonstrate that the Communists are not to be allowed to impose their demands from a position of armed superiority. Mr. Eisenhower seeks cohesion and strength among the Western family not only through adequate defensive measures but also through a more flexible administration of economic policies. He believes that international trade must be expanded and he also feels there is need for more American investment overseas and fewer internal customs and tariff barriers. There are also a few objectionable international trade barriers which have long ceased to serve any useful purpose other than to provide consistency to out-moded diplomatic policies—these, too, should be overhauled. Perhaps the most striking feature of the President's speech, however, is its honesty and sincerity of intention which rings 100 per cent true. It promotes confidence in the free world that he will strive to the utmost to see his aims and desires fulfilled in the present year.

TERRORISM FLARES UP IN MOROCCO

Three Dead: 18 Injured In 24 Hours

France Plans Drastic Counter-moves

New British Political Party Formed

London, Jan. 7. A committee of five has launched a new political group in Britain—the Elizabethan Party—with a clarion call for close unity within the British Empire to make it a strong "Third Force" in the world.

They have begun mailing thousands of leaflets, seeking backing for the party and setting out an 18-point right-wing policy.

The Committee chairman, Mr. Frederick Guest, a 42-year-old publisher, told Reuters the Elizabethan Party planned to contest parliamentary by-elections in the near future and put up candidates at the next general election, due before October 1955.

He claimed that hundreds of Britons had already offered active support to the group, following letters in newspapers, and added "We feel that there are millions of men and women in Britain who are urgently looking for an alternative to the present political setup in this country."

The Elizabethan Party's policy statement declared the organisation had been born to break the stranglehold which the old parties—Conservative, Labour and Liberal—had on Britain's political system.

The party listed its primary object as "to safeguard and advance the interests of Great Britain and the Empire."

It urged that every possible step should be taken to integrate Britain and the Empire "by means of an imperial cabinet and an imperial defence plan so as to make it a third force in the world as a counter to Russia on the one hand and the United States on the other."

Mr. G. R. Hogan, journalist, treasurer of the new group, said they were not professional politicians but idealists—"though not with our heads in the air."

Casablanca, Morocco, Jan. 7. A new wave of terrorism swept through Morocco today and the French authorities hastily drafted drastic measures to fight it.

Informed sources said that they may reorganise the Casablanca Police as part of a determined drive to meet fresh terrorist violence which has claimed three dead and 18 injured in the past 24 hours.

The Police, meanwhile, acted quickly by arresting 22 terrorists at Agadir.

The arrival last night of the French Resident-General, M. Francis Lacoste for an emergency meeting with local civil and military officials underlined the serious situation.

Official sources described the meeting as a "veritable council of war."

Informed sources revealed that a strengthening of Casablanca Police officials has been going on for the past few weeks.

THREE-POINT ACTION. They said last night's meeting decided on a three-point fast action programme:

- 1.—Reorganization of the local Police.
- 2.—The employment of new tactics.
- 3.—Nomination of a new Police chief.

A spokesman for M. Lacoste told reporters last night that the Resident-General means to fight terrorism with "energy and tenacity."

Even as M. Lacoste met with officials, the Police reported that terrorists attacked two native guards in the old part of the city, seriously injuring one, and fleeing with the other's gun.

TALKS IN PARIS. M. Lacoste is expected to leave for Paris next week for talks with Premier Pierre Mendès-France.

Meanwhile, the Algerian Governor-General, M. Roger Leonard, left Algiers today for a one-day meeting with top French officials in Paris.

He is expected back in Algiers on Saturday.

In Paris, Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs Minister M. Christian Fouchet, meets the leader of the Tunisian home-rule talks delegation, Mr. Mongi Slim, this afternoon for their third talk in 24 hours.—United Press.

British Relief Over French Arms Pool Plan. Preliminary British reaction to France's plan for a West European Union Arms Pool was a feeling of relief that the principle did not call for immediate sweeping commitments to the British big arms industry to those on the continent.

The plan submitted by France to her six partners in the union was tonight under study in all the British Ministries concerned—the Foreign Office and the Defence and Supply Ministries.

The three Service departments were being consulted through the Chiefs-of-Staff secretariat.

All Departments declined to comment on the French memorandum which will be a basic working paper for the conference of experts in Paris on January 17.

But usually reliable sources said the plan's provision for a two-year transitional period before the proposed community assumed its full functions was welcomed.

Britain's attitude towards M. Pierre Mendès-France's proposal for a European Arms Pool has been one of reserve from the time he tabled it during the nine-nation London conference last October.—Reuters.

Firearms Banned After Gold Coast Riots

Apost, Gold Coast, Jan. 7. The Governor of the Gold Coast (Igbafé) proclaimed a ban on the carrying of "dangerous or offensive weapons—firearms, cutlances, daggers, etc."—after three days of riots in the Ashanti district.

In Kumasi, capital of the Ashanti region, three nights ago, two people were killed and 35 were arrested.

The police have since been reinforced in Kumasi to a strength of more than 2,000.—Reuters.

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BRITAIN TIGHTENS TRADE EMBARGO CONTROLS

London, Jan. 7. Britain tightened her control of trade with the Communists today to cut illegitimate shipments of strategic goods to the Soviet bloc and China, the Board of Trade disclosed.

The new measures, agreed on with the United States and Western European nations, are designed to prevent the evasion of existing controls which made it possible hitherto for some strategic materials to reach the Communist countries.

British traders will be liable to prosecution in future if they participate knowingly in transactions designed to get embargoed goods to the Communists even if this is done through trans-shipments from ports outside Britain.

UNDER STRICT CONTROL. The controls will extend to such traders who, in evasion of existing domestic restrictions, may try to arrange for shipments to Russia for instance of strategic metals from South America. Exports from Britain to Iran, Cuba, and China have been and remain under strict Board of Trade control, which does not grant export licences for such transactions.

But illegal trading has found loopholes and enabled embargoed security goods to reach the Soviet bloc by devious means—one favourite method has been, according to experts, the trans-shipment from colonies outside the security group through European ports to Russia or China.

A close check on illegitimate transactions has produced a variety of examples, in one case copper and brass, seemingly designed for Pakistan, was shipped to Poland by round-about routes.

ANOTHER SWITCH. Another disclosure revealed that American tantalum supposedly for Switzerland was transferred at Antwerp to a ship bound for Russia.

The new control measures will cover from today the shipping and financing by British traders of strategic goods from ports outside Britain if they have reasonable cause to believe that they will be imported into the Soviet bloc or China.

Stricter controls were agreed among the U.S. and Britain and other West European nations, including the members of NATO, after the list of embargoed goods was shortened last summer. Some 90 items were removed in July 1954 from the list of controlled goods which originally had included some 250 commodities or more barred from export to the Soviet bloc and Red China.—United Press.

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Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: Long before Burgess and Maclean vanished, another missing British diplomat was being sought—throughout Europe. "The Secret Life of Reginald Lee," by C.D.T. Baker-Carr, in the series World's Strangest Stories, reveals the story of a Vice-Consul who had many people guessing; Gilles cartoon.
P. 6: Evelyn Irons tells the story of Claire Mann, the head of Overweight Anonymous. How the Atom can cheapen power and communications and build a new future for Britain. Chapman Pincher, continues his series on man's place in the Atomic world. James Wickenden considers the possibility of a Middle East pact this year.
P. 7: Secrets of International Crime, by A. J. Forster. Continuing the story of Interpol. How the organisation blocks criminals' escape routes. Eileen Ascroft recommends something new to replace that horrible custom—the cocktail party.
P. 8: Sarah Rothschild at large in an underground world asks: "Where are these Oxford Orgies?" Rene MacColl, now in South Africa, sends another message on his new investigation, this time into beauty towns. Dennis Hargreaves. "The Russian Encyclopedia of Misinformation."
P. 11: Sir Evelyn Barker assesses the chances of war and peace in the coming year.

Boy Dies From Snake Bite

Lusaka, Jan. 7. Five doctors lost a 12-hour battle to save the life of 13-year-old Theunis Strydom, who was bitten by a seven-foot green mamba (a deadly African snake) on his father's farm near Lusaka.

The boy was driving his father's tractor one afternoon when the snake dropped on him from a tree. It bit him in both thighs and the boy ran a mile to the farm house calling for help.

His father gave him an anti-venom injection and hurried him to hospital.—China Mail Special.

Moscow Doctors 'Restored Life'

London, Jan. 7. Soviet doctors succeeded in restoring a 14-year-old girl to life by pumping a special solution into her arteries and giving her artificial respiration, Moscow Radio reported tonight in an English language broadcast.

The girl, injured in a road accident, was "clinically dead" for five minutes, the Radio said.—Reuters.

Johannesburg, Jan. 7. Hears in the matrimonial court in Johannesburg recently: "My husband wouldn't work. I had to support him, his mother and his friends. When I complained about it and suggested that he go to work he became annoyed and asked if I was trying to make things difficult for him."

"Then he packed up and left, saying that I had hurt him. He took his mother with him."—China Mail Special.

Tragic Suicide Of Murderer's Mother

Cleveland, Jan. 7. The mother of Dr. Samuel Sheppard, convicted last month for his wife's murder, shot herself in a locked room today while her seven-year-old grandson played in the kitchen.

Mrs. Ethel Sheppard, 62, left a note addressed to Dr. Samuel Sheppard's brother, saying: "I can't manage alone without father."

Her husband has been in hospital for several weeks with pleurisy.

Mrs. Sheppard's body was found by another son, Dr. Stephen Sheppard. She had been staying in his home for the past few days.

The police said Mrs. Sheppard undoubtedly committed suicide.—Reuters.

TODAY'S PICTURE PUZZLES



A week ago the subject of our picture puzzle was a "Police" sign in Wyndham Street.

Today the China Mail prints two more examples of the handwriting of Government signwriters.

Example 1: Above is a picture of the road surface of Canton Road, at the corner of Salls-

bury Road, Kowloon where drivers are informed: "Halt-Major Road Ahead."

Example 2: At the right is a picture of a small cabinet enclosing a "Police" sign in Canton Road, Kowloon.

We understand that the spelling of "Major Road"

has been pointed out to a foreign Police Sub-Inspector and a foreign member of the staff of the Public Works Department in the last six to eight weeks. Both pictures were taken by our Staff Photographer earlier this week.

SANTAL SOAP

ROGER GAILLET
PARIS

Unsurpassed!
New HIGHER OCTANE
IC-PLUS

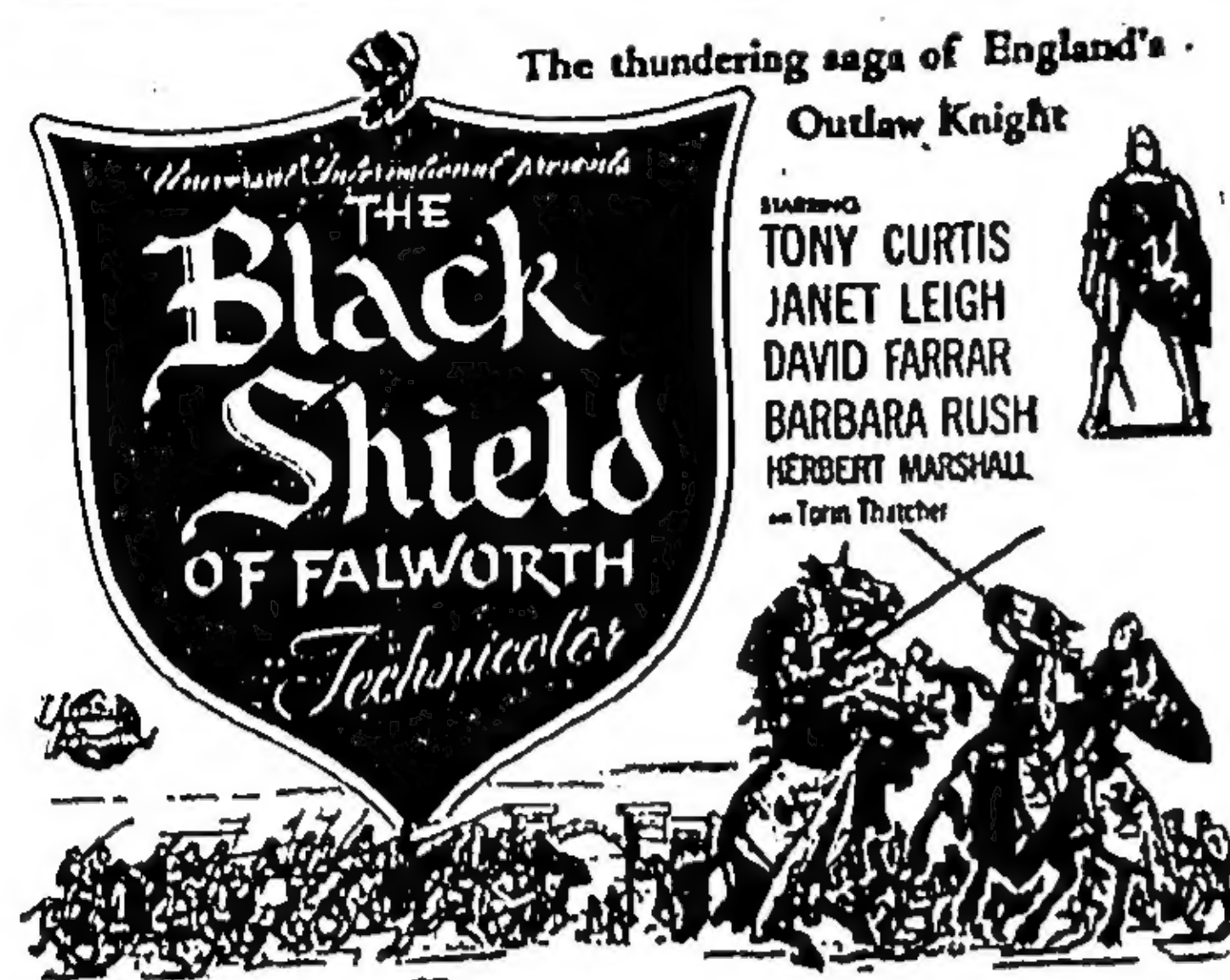
CALTEX
Brings New Life to your Engine

Laboline
OCTANE MEANS POWER

CALTEX
LABOLINE

KING'S * PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. || At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY
2ND BIG WEEK!SPECTACULAR
CINEMASCOPE

At KING'S — Complete Effects with 4-Track Magnetic High-Fidelity Directional — Stereophonic Sound

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S PRINCESS

At 11.30 a.m.

Laurel & Hardy

"THE FLYING DEUCES"

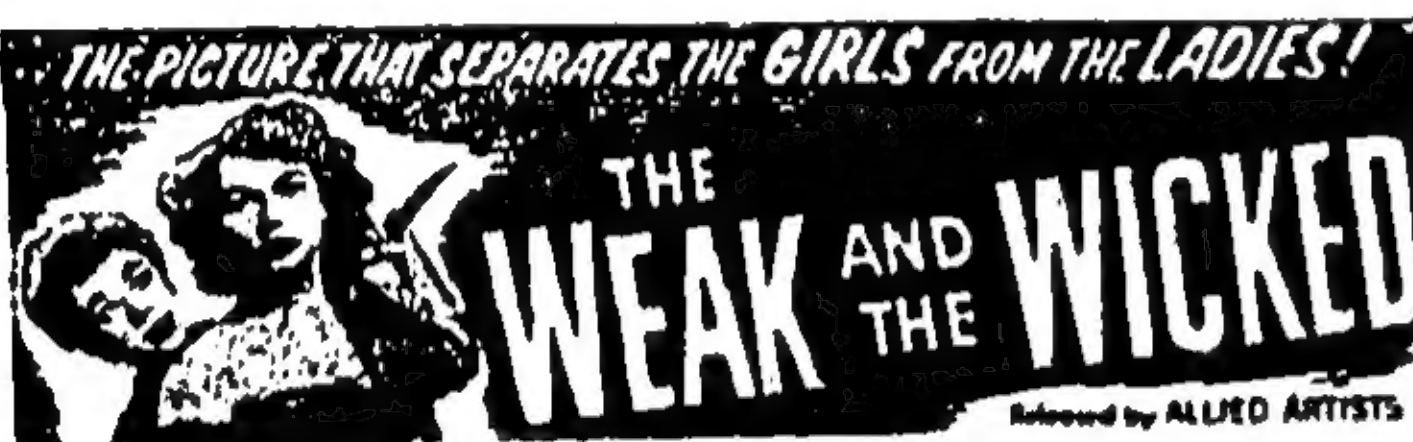
At 11.00 a.m.

COLUMBIA CARTOONS & 3 STOOGES

12.20 p.m. Gregory Peck

in "YELLOW SKY"

NEXT CHANGE



LEE * GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

THAT RUSSIAN SAINTED DEVIL!



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE

20th Century-Fox presents
Mighty Mouse
Colour Cartoons
AT 12.00 NOON

GREAT WORLD

Columbia presents
3 Stooges Comedy &
Colour Cartoon
AT 12.30 P.M.

At Reduced Prices! \$1.00 & 70 cts.

HOOVER OPENS TO-DAY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371

2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12: REDUCED ADM.
WALTER LANTZ'S COLOUR CARTOONS

FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

"The Black Shield of Falworth" is still running at the KING'S and PRINCESS, it will be succeeded for a few days by "The Weak and the Wicked" and then will come "Roy Roy."

At the LEE and GREAT WORLD is "Raspoutine," while the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA are showing "The Track of the Cat." The next picture at these two cinemas will be "Three Hours to Kill."

There will be three short running films at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY—"Arena," followed by "Conflict of Wings" and then "Eight O'Clock Walk." "Green Dolphin Street" may return for a short while next, with "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" as the new attraction on the 22nd.

"The Black Widow" has opened at the ROXY and the BROADWAY and the HOOVER has a Judy Holiday comedy with the unpronounceable title of "Phffft!"

Raspoutine was a peasant who rose from this mental position in late 19th century Russia to become the leading influence in the court of the last Russian Royal Family.

His life was a scandal, his moral code being based on the idea that only by experiencing sin in its lowest forms could it be overcome.

Although this theory was first put to him by a monk, the real Churchmen were completely against him and accused him of a pretended religious conviction prompted only by thoughts of personal gain.

To the common people, however, and to the Churchmen who only saw him rescued from death of haemophilia several times, he was almost a god.

Apparently indestructible and possessing hypnotic powers, he was killed after many attempts by a member of the Russian nobility.

"Raspoutine" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD tells the story of this evil genius.

QUEER CHARACTERS

"Track of the Cat" has a deceptively gentle Christmas card opening. Snow lies everywhere and, in contrast, the long low ranch-house in the centre foreground looks warm and cosy. Then the wind begins to rise and as it quickly leaps from a whisper to a roar you wonder if all is as well within the house as it appears; the wind is symbolic.

The first queer character is a sinister shambling old Indian—a Cree from his appearance (I can't remember if his tribe is ever mentioned)—his god is the black panther who exerts a queer supernatural influence over the entire household. The panther is the cat of the title.

As we move inside the house we meet the three sons. The

eldest, played by Robert Mitchum, is a lusty, coarse, likeable pioneer type. The outdoors holds no terrors for him and he owes no allegiance to gods of any creed.

This is the best film Mitchum has ever done and when after nights alone in the snowy forests, tracking down the dreaded cat, he succumbs to a primitive fear in his mind and rushes blindly to his death he sets the seal on an excellent performance.

The people under the ranch-house roof, would be theatrical in their content if the standard of acting were not so good and each actor's understanding of the character he was playing less deep.

The father is a gentleman by nature and a drunkard by inclination. Any necessity for work or making decisions has long since been removed by the positiveness and strength of his eldest son and by the bitter frustrated business of his wife. Beulah Bondi makes this dried-up backwoods woman a demon of malevolence.

DOMINATED

The other three children are dominated in varying degrees by the mother and the eldest son. The youngest is a shy youth, alternately admiring and hating his eldest brother; the middle son being the mediator, almost a mystic in outlook.

Teresa Wright is the withered only daughter. Knowing that there will never be any romance in her own life she is trying to foster the love affair between the youngest son and the daughter of a neighbour.

Played splendidly by Diana Lynn, this girl is living in the house, facing courageously the abuse of the mother, the drunken attentions of the father, the earthy allusions of the eldest brother and trying to make the youngest son throw off their domination and live a life of his own.

The black panther, although real enough, is the personal spirit of Joe, the Indian, and exerts an occult influence over every member of the family. The mother tries to beat it with a narrow catnip religion which is in itself no more than superstition with an outer label of righteousness; Mitchum, like a child whistling in the dark protests too loudly his disbelief in the cat's influence and the second son, carving images of the panther, says nothing.

The producer avoided many of the pitfalls into which he might have fallen—giving no sop to the bloodthirsty by showing a panther-mauled animal, no over long clinches between the two young lovers. This picture is a perfect combination of understatement and realism. Not light entertainment, it shouldn't be avoided on this account.

NEVER DULL

When you come away from "Arena," you feel you've seen a picture, yet when you try to analyse it, unless you're a fanatical lover of horses, the reason escapes you.

"Arena" is almost entirely played out at the annual rodeo at Tucson in Arizona and for most of the picture broncos buck, steers kick, and present day cowboys exhibit the most perfect riding you've seen on the screen.

The problems of the riders—and ex-riders—are explored in a somewhat stereotyped way, yet so natural do they seem that anything more sophisticated would appear contrived.

A girl called Barbara Lawrence is billed fifth on the cast list, but I'm willing to bet that she'll be the girl you'll remember—if you're a male, that is.

If you're not, and you have the figure, chances are that you'll be haunting the shops for a casual yellow shirt, the tightest skirt you can find and a belt with an outside buckle, worn slightly off-centre.

"It's good to see the expression on Barbara Lawrence's face as she and her boy friend show their excitement at the coming rodeo by racing the car of two equally irresponsible friends.

As the two cars roar down the perfect motor road into Tucson, both drivers squeezing the maximum out of their engines, the two passengers almost in a trance with the thrill of the speed at which they're going, you feel that this must be the dangerous moment advertised on the posters. In actual fact it's the prelude to many more.

It's hard to say why this picture has so much appeal—but I know I'd rather see it than many a so-called "woman's picture."

Big Young, who's recently been featured in "Young at Heart" has the lead and Jean Hagen shares it with him. Unusual and never dull.

BIRDS WIN OUT

Beverly Baxter is noted for his realistic attitude towards the theatre and the cinema and although I haven't been able to see "Conflict of Wings" (it starts on Monday) I've enough respect for his opinion to feel that his words on it are a commendation.

He said that after it was over it did not fade with the empty screen but lingered in his mind—a picture that should amble about the world and make friends for British cinema. It's the story of a little island off the coast of Norfolk—a bird sanctuary as calm and peaceful as the little village close to it. The tranquillity of the villagers and birds is abruptly shattered when it is discovered that the island is to become the target area for a Vampire Squadron of the RAF.

The conflict between villagers and Whitehall becomes extremely bitter, the various village personalities reacting to the change taking place in lives, each in its own way. It takes no less than the local poacher to evolve the only practical plan for preserving the island for the birds.

There's a strong cast—John Gregson, Muriel Paylow, Kieron Moore playing the Squadron Leader, Guy Middleton, the Adjutant, and Niall MacGinnis the owner of the local boatyard, with one or two names that will be familiar to listeners to BBC plays.

A THRILLER

"Eight O'Clock Walk" is a thriller, but not one of the usual variety—in this we're given the crime, the accused, and the defence and are allowed to look on while the law fights the battle for and against the accused, who is treated almost as a dispassionate spectator. It's Richard Attenborough who plays the life at work, Cathy O'Donnell plays his wife and the father and son on opposite sides of the legal fence are Derek Farr and Ian Hunter.

In a thriller, if the suspense is built up cleverly the identity of the victim is of secondary importance and a sequel have been happy if the script writer had chosen anybody rather than an eight-year-old girl.

If you can rid your mind of the unpleasantness of the implications you may enjoy this, as thrillers are your favourite. Personally I prefer to be harrowed by something a little further from home. It's a British picture and lovers of light music may be interested to know that George Melachrino provides the background music.

RECOMMENDED

One film I can unreservedly recommend is "The Black Widow." It's an absolutely first-class "whodunnit" with the suspense maintained until the very last few minutes.

As always in a film high above the ordinary it's natural to hunt for a star, and here the otherwise perfect production and in this one I found it in the rather conventional ending when the detective recapitulates the crime for the accused and his wife.

It's slightly amused at the final scene that the wife, who's been so much more than a wife, is now a woman, you see.

of humour that took a lot of the smugness from the situation.

It would be criminal to give away the murderer's name, though the film doesn't depend on the solution of the crime alone for its interest. Every single character in the plot could have committed it and all would have had good reason to do so. And you'll be glad to know that it's someone it's quite logical to suspect, not, as so often happens in a crime thriller, the puny daughter who's walked across the screen once only during the course of the film.

Peggy Ann Garner has made the transition from child star to mature actress with no trouble at all. Truth to tell, if she had not kept her name I would never have recognised her as the soulful child of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." In "The Black Widow" her first adult role, she is so good that it's a pleasure to dislike her.

The false sweetness and humility of Anne Baxter in "All About Eve" is the nearest description I can get to the type of part she has in the picture.

We're introduced to her first at the party of a famous Broadway star (the star is Ginger Rogers and I have many good things to say about her performance).

With her demure air and apparently fanatical desire to become a good writer she charms the soft heart of Van Heflin, who is married to another successful actress, Gene Tierney.

SINCERE

Now before you run away with the idea that Mr Heflin is just out for a good time while his wife is away nursing her sick mother, let me say that the husband and wife relationship of these two is one of the most moving and sincere I've seen.

There's nothing sticky or sentimental about it. They manage to put over simply the very deep understanding of two people who've been married for ten years, have had one near rift—merely touched on, the understatement making it so much more clearly comprehended—and who have, through the patience of one and the basic decency of the other, built up a sympathy and tenderness almost unachievable by temptation and suspicion.

In contrast with the womanly woman played by Gene Tierney, Ginger Rogers is a masterpiece of worldly graces in the worst sense of the word. Her mean little mind is covered by a beautifully polished personality, the viciously clever remarks shooting off her tongue like dangerous firecrackers.

George Raft is, as usual when he is discovered that the island is to become the target area for a Vampire Squadron of the RAF.

The conflict between villagers and Whitehall becomes extremely bitter, the various village personalities reacting to the change taking place in lives, each in its own way. It takes no less than the local poacher to evolve the only practical plan for preserving the island for the birds.

The obnoxious smile of the lift attendant as he bows his passenger in, snapped off in a second as the passenger gets beyond its range; the quick gesture of Otto Kruger as he sweeps up a pair of women's gloves when his supposedly innocent niece comes to call; the owner has no point in the story, is never mentioned, never seen; and the casual glance of Gene Tierney at the inside of the collar of Peggy Ann Garner's coat, the slight shudder of tasteless showing a fastidious woman's reaction to the habits of one not so plain.

Naturally Johnson, wrote the screenplay and also produced and directed the picture and in every sequence there's evidence of the advisability of having one man responsible for all three undertakings.

LOT OF FUN

The team of Judy Holiday, Jack Lemmon (her partner in "It Should Happen to You") and Jack Carson can't fail to make you laugh at least three or four times in "Phffft!"

Even if you don't like Judy's naive timidity, Jack Lemmon's boy-next-door charm of Jack Carson's suave heartiness, if you do, you'll sit through the picture without those three or four laughs.

If you happen to like and/or admire all three stars then you're in for an enormous lot of fun.

The situations spring from the temporary estrangement of husband and wife Jack Lemmon and Judy Holiday. Judy objects to Jack's very basic lack of a description in one of those novels of the paper-backed variety.

It's not necessary to have read one to imagine his thoughts, and Judy, not as dumb as usual, as a successful radio writer, feels that she doesn't want any part of them. The bulk, of course, is only temporary, but while it lasts she's Judy pursued with the worst of intentions by playboy Jack Carson and Jack Lemmon.

Putting up a "pussy" John's resistance to Lemmon's advances, they're wrong, you see.

However, it's a very good value.

QUEEN'S
TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Acclaimed 'the Best British Film of 1954'

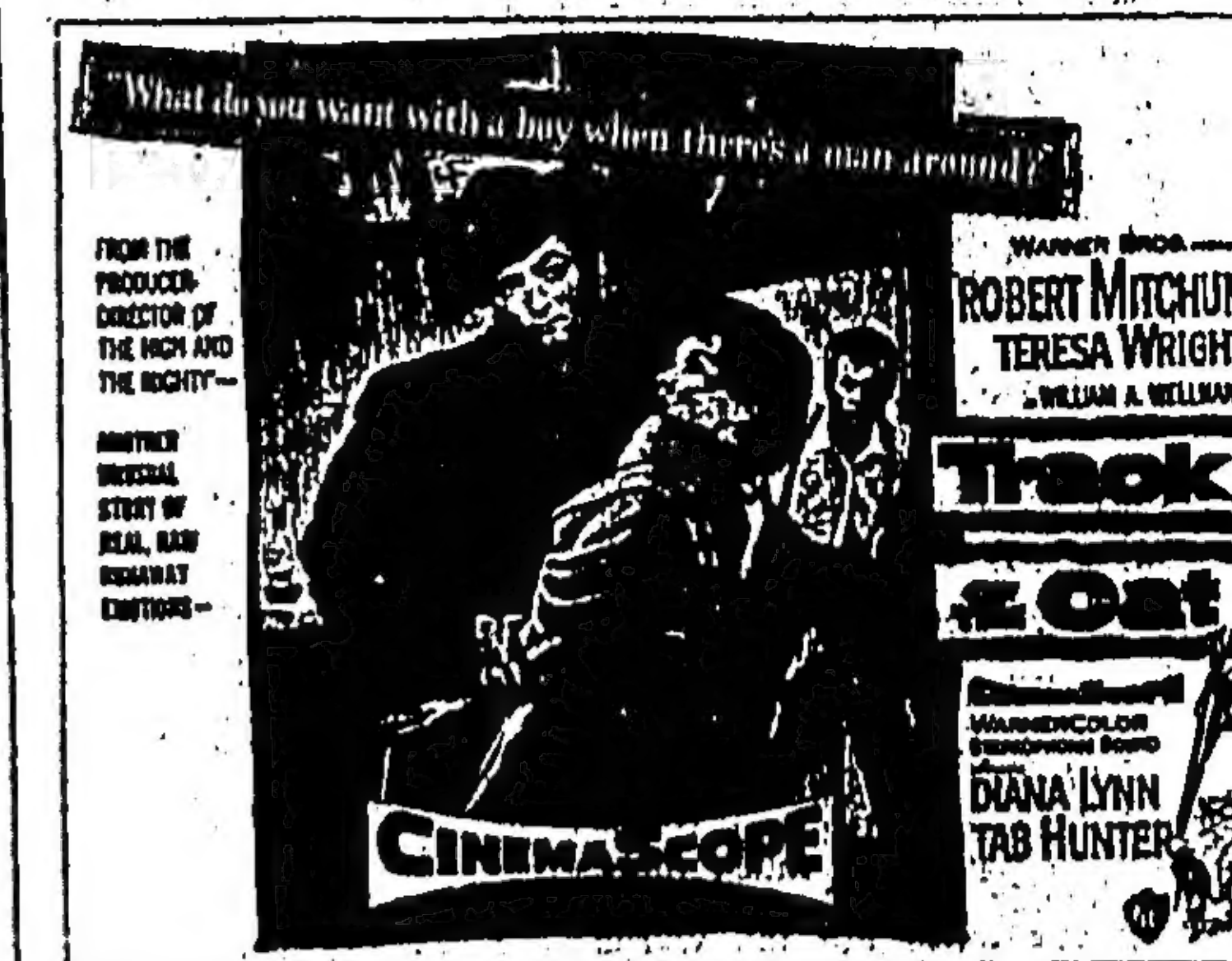
"GENEVIEVE"

Dinah Sheridan — John Gregson — IN TECHNICOLOR
AT REDUCED PRICES!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. || At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

ALHAMBRA
TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

BING CROSBY — COLEEN GRAY

"RIDING HIGH"

A Paramount Picture

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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
MAYNARD FRANK'S NIGHTINGALE AND THE CATS

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

REG THOMAS visits a small factory at Kai Tak to tell you the secret of the Chengs' success

MAKING SOYA SAUCE WITH AN 800-YEAR OLD RECIPE

Ingredients: Beans, Brine And Lots Of Sunshine

THOUGH there are now more modern ways than one to make soya sauce, Amoy-born Mr Cheng Yok-Lam — who has tried them all — avers that the best sauces can still be produced only by the method used when this Worcester relish of the Orient first became a must to the Chinese palate during the Han Dynasty — some 800 years ago.

This process can be seen today at the Fukien Canfing Company's sauce factory which Mr Cheng and his younger brothers, Yok-Kee and Yok-Chui, jointly own and operate at Wong Tai Sin village out Kai Tak way.

A usual mixture of the Chengs is 10 piculs of soybean to 15 of fresh water. Which is about 3,300 pounds they put in a boiler. Nearly a ton and a half, if you like your figures rounder.

The yellow, Manchurian-grown beans are not unlike dried peas.

central heating methods. In fact, till the time of bottling, the product is now patiently entrusted to his care almost entirely.

Briny Dip

Giving off a ripe fruity odour the beans are taken from the fermentation shed to the yard. There they are left to ferment more as they saturate in brine — the salt is from Siam — and in sunshine in 400-pound capacity. Scentaw-made glazed jars. Depending on the sun's benevolence, this is normally for a period of six months.

One batch fills 10 of these jars and every caddy of bean from them yields two caddies of soy sauce. Which, for their j-bur — should we say the sun's — gives the Chengs 6,000-cdd 21-sauce bottles.

This is, however, after the beans have become a well-matured, concentrated mash in the first jars, which is then broken down in salt water for ten days in a second set, and the fluid from these strained off into a third lot — to stand or posed to the sun for three months more.

Then... well, there's our soya sauce.

Or rather, in this pure form, there we have what is better known as Sung Chow; the thin, lighter-coloured sauce. Tskoo-supplied calamoni-burnt sugar-colours and thickens Low Chow, the dark brand.

Export 40 P.C.

Eight batches producing five hundred piculs, or roughly 24 tons, is the modest monthly output of the Chengs' small, old-world factory. Sixty per cent of this is sold locally, and the remainder exported in casks to countries throughout Southeast Asia and to the U.K., America, Canada and — but recently — Australia.

Yet the brothers are not so happy about their expanding trade as might be expected. They sadly foresee the day when they too will have to meet demands for forcing Chow from soybean in the three-month modern way.

"Just think," they say, "of all the sunshine we'll be wasting."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I've got a date with Eddie tonight. Mom — he's coming over to watch the fights on TV while I wash my hair!"

In Search Of Records With A Pipe

Montreal. Gerson Heck, of Montreal, will represent Canada at the annual Montreal version of the world pipe-smoking championship next March.

The Montreal Maple Leaf Pipe-Smoking Club, which sponsors the annual event, has announced that Heck, who was Canada's entry last year, outlasted 24 others in an elimination contest held recently. He puffed away contentedly for 40 minutes.

At that, however, it was only half the time he spent smoking one pipeful in last year's international contest, in which he came second.

Paul Lauderback of Los Angeles, holds the Montreal version of the world pipe-smoking endurance contest with a time of one hour 50 minutes, established in March. It is understood that entries have been received already from five countries, with two other countries showing interest in the contest to be held here next March 28. — United Press.

New Experiments In U.S.A. To Combat Lightning

San Francisco.

"Project Sky Fire," a plan to combat lightning in the sky instead of on the ground, is probably the most ambitious forest fire prevention programme ever undertaken in America.

"Sky Fire" aims at nothing less than breaking up the rolling cumulus clouds which carry lightning over the huge western forests.

The U.S. Forest Service hopes that soon, thanks to "sky fire," they will be able to destroy lightning clouds with dry ice "bombs" or shoot them to pieces with "flak" from silver iodide generators on the ground.

Two Years Old

A co-operative research project, "Sky Fire" is only two years old. But according to Dr Jack Barrows, director of the project, much new and valuable weather information has been discovered already.

Dr Barrows, whose headquarters is the Intermountain Forest and Range Experiment Station at Missoula, Montana, described "Sky Fire" to a recent forestry convention.

"In the western United States," he said, "lightning is the greatest single cause of forest fires. During the last 25 years over 145,000 lightning-fires have occurred in the 12 western states."

To combat this menace, the U.S.F.S. and a private group,

the Munitap Foundation of New York, set up "Sky Fire" in 1952. A cloud-seeding expert, Dr Vincent J. Schaefer, Research Director of Munitap, is working with foresters to determine how best to attack the lightning-carrying clouds. The theory is that dry ice or silver iodide dropped into a cloud will cause moisture particles to become heavy enough to fall in rain drops, thus breaking clouds up.

"Before we can start actual cloud seeding experiments," Dr Barrows explained, "we want to locate where clouds are born, where they're likely to go and the kind of weather they bring with them."

"Our look-outs cover about 23,000,000 acres of forest land. Each day they make five reports and map the clouds as they grow and move."

Jet Stream's Role From this information, Dr Barrows said, "we make an analysis of what storms are on going."

The project also is investigating the jet stream's effect on lightning storms. The jet stream is "like a mammoth river of air flowing between 20,000 and

40,000 feet," Dr Barrows explained. Sometimes the stream carries lightning storms but at other times it aids them.

Dr Barrows said it would be "no more years before 'Sky Fire' does any actual cloud seeding."

He said seeding might cause abnormal rainfall or abnormal dry spells and "we're not going to do any seeding until we know exactly what's going to happen." — United Press.

Swiss Chronometer production hit new high in 1953



Your guarantee of quality, craftsmanship and accuracy... Every Rolex Chronometer bears the words "Official Certified Chronometer" on its dial, and is accompanied by the Rolex Red Seal — proof that it has passed the rigorous tests of a Swiss Government Testing Station and has received an Official Timing Certificate.

On November 16th, 1954 the Federation of Swiss Watch Manufacturers ruled that no watch should carry the title "Chronometer" unless it had been awarded an Official Timing Certificate by one of the five Swiss Government Testing Stations situated at Bienne, La Chaux-de-Fonds, Le Locle, St. Imier and Le Sentier.

At the beginning of each year these Testing Stations publish yearly reports with details of the watch movements submitted to them, the names of manufacturers and the results of the tests. Reports of the five Testing Stations published early in 1954 reveal that in 1953 the Swiss Watchmaking Industry produced the record number of 48,628 wrist-chronometers.

This is an eloquent testimonial to the continuing progress of Switzerland's chief exporting industry.

The Manufacturers of Rolex watches at Bienne and Geneva, were the first for many years to concentrate on the serial production of Chronometer movements. Up to 31st December 1953 Rolex have obtained no less than 236,615 Official Timing Certificates, of which 30,555 were for the year 1953 alone.

Thus in 1953 Rolex obtained 62.8% of all Certificates issued to the entire Swiss Watchmaking Industry.

An Official Timing Certificate is, in fact, an incontestable guarantee of quality, craftsmanship and accuracy. In consequence the price of wrist-chronometers is bound to be higher than that of ordinary watches. Through the channels of the top-ranking jewellers of the world, these remarkable precision instruments have become the prized possessions of the most eminent personalities of our era, to whom the exact measurement of time is imperative.



INVENTED AND PATENTED BY ROLEX... the world-famous Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer, perfectly protected by its Oyster case, is a masterpiece of precision engineering. It is a masterpiece of precision engineering. It is a masterpiece of precision engineering.

62.8% Total number of Certificates awarded to the industry. 1953

ROLEX A landmark in the history of Time measurement

World's largest production of Officially Certified Chronometers

United Press

HEMINGWAY'S YOUNG BROTHER TELLS YOU HOW TO MAKE HOME-BREW WINE

New York.

A new book has been published by Hemingway. It probably won't win any prizes, but it ought to make a lot of new friends for the author, Leicester Hemingway, Ernest's young brother.

Or enemies, depending on how wives will take to the idea of having their husbands drowsy in the basement making home-brew.

The title is "Drink it yourself" or "The happiest how-to-do-it book." It tells all you need to know to become your own bootlegger in the home is not illegal. That's the gist of the whole thing," Hemingway explained eagerly, offering a first edition of what might prove to be the greatest thing since Mrs. Beeton's cook book.

Allowed In U.S.

"Few people realise it but Federal law allows the head of any family to make up to 200 gallons of wine a year in his own home, tax free. You just send away for a permit and you're all set," he said.

This discovery drove Hemingway into the pursuit of wine-making as a hobby and thence into the authorship of his credit. The pound of the trumpet, published last year. In his slim primer for amateur winemakers, Hemingway sketches a hobby of unlimited horizons and nominal expense. No expensive power tools to buy. Basic equipment for the winemaker is a jug.

A Clothesline

You can make your own wineries out of two boards and a piece of clothesline. Fruit is cheap as a rule and you can turn out 400 gallons of apple wine for 40¢, then 12¢

counting the cost of the sugar and yeast.

But what Hemingway is proud of are the recipes he unearthed in months of research.

HE'S JUST GIVEN HIS 102nd PINT OF BLOOD

Huntington. Frank Halliwell is a man who insists that if you're healthy, you won't miss a few pints of blood now and then. And he has proved it.

Mr Halliwell contributed his 102nd pint of blood last week during a stop-off on what has become a kind of a personal campaign to help keep the Red Cross blood banks stocked. He has donated blood for 13 years in 17 different states.

"I just believe people don't know how important blood donations are," the 39-year-old dairy worker said. He estimated he has travelled 385,000 miles on his blood-donation trips.

The son of a Pennsylvania Minister, Mr Halliwell explained that when he gave his first pint of blood in 1941, he said he had gained weight in the process. He weighs about 210 pounds.

Wine can be made out of just about anything that grows. You can make it out of rose petals or the blossoms of black-eyed Susans, out of trubar or cabbage, or just plain grass.

The book carries the beginner through his first try at a simple squeezed-grape concoction, through such exotic productions as a wine which calls for "12 pounds of sugar, two pounds of honey, four gallons of water, four egg whites, two pecks of marigold petals, two pounds of raisins, three orange rinds, four ounces of rock candy and two cakes of yeast." — United Press.

Radio-Controlled Traffic Lights For Chicago

Chicago. A contract to design and manufacture a Chicago radio-controlled traffic light system, the first of its kind in the world, has been let to the General Electric Company.

The new system, expected to be in operation in six months' time, will be used initially at 13 intersections. Synchronization of the lights will be directed from a control station in the city hall.

The new system uses short-wave radio which is transmitted by the radio, similar to a system now used by the City and Police departments.



Beans basking in the sun.

Their plant is neither large nor elaborate. Simply an open yard — the nerve centre — covering an area less than an acre. A brine tank and a fermentation shed. And a boiler room, housing two massive iron cauldrons, wherein a batch of soya sauce to be ready in its 9-month journey to the bottle.

They taste the same and, similarly, come from a vegetable pod-bearing plant, five or six to a pod.

Like Sultanias

While being boiled overnight for five hours, as with rice, the beans absorb the water that is not evaporated, and become the colour and swell to the size of large sultanias. If they were steamed, this stage would take but fifteen minutes.

Next day, the beans are dusted with plain flour and spread out on a bamboo tray, which need two coles to lift, on to wooden shelves in the brick, oven-like fermentation room. There they stay for four to five days — but not before another fermenting agency is added to the flour.

"This ingredient, which we get from Japan, is a special formula of our own," the senior Cheng cautiously confides, "and is, of course, our trade secret."

But from here on, there is nothing else secretive about the age-old process which was carried on in Amoy by three generations of Chengs before the family set up shop in Hongkong twenty-four years ago.

Though steam could again be used to maintain the all-important temperature of 70 to 80 degrees, the Cheng brothers simply place their faith in sunshine, resorting to charcoal stoves when it unkindly fails them. In the next phase also, old Sol unwittingly plays a major role instead of rapid



JAMES HAYTER
NIGEL PATRICK
JAMES DONALD
KATHLEEN HARRISON
KOTCE GLENFIELD
HERMIONE GINGOLD
DONALD WOLFE
HERMIONE BADELEY
HARRY FOWLER
DAME MAE - JOAN MEAL
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GEORGE BORTH

Charles Dickens great comedy — with the greatest comedy cast ever!

The Pickwick Papers

ADAPTED AND DIRECTED BY NOEL LANGLEY
A LANCY HAYTER PRODUCTION
KNOWN PICTURES

COMING TO THE LEE THEATRE

EMPIRE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



THE DEADLY SINS

TO-MORROW SPECIAL MATINEES
11.00 a.m. Colour Cartoons
12.30 p.m. TYRONE POWER in "Jesse James"
Admission: \$1.00/70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Duchess of Gloucester attended the Snow Ball in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind, which was held at London's Dorchester Hotel. The Duchess is seen chatting with Sir Frederick Browning. (Express)



HERE is ballerina Alicia Markova and conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent inspecting a Diaghilev exhibit at Forsters House, London, where some of the greatest exponents of Russian ballet held a dinner party towards the end of the year. (Express)

AFTER eight worrying weeks, a mother greets her son sent home to England in an iron lung. John Taylor, of Putney, was working as an oil geologist in Ecuador when he was taken ill and became paralysed. He is seen on his arrival at Southampton with his mother, Mrs Hilda Taylor. (Express)



RIGHT: London's top model, June Oakes, shakes hands with a guest after her wedding to Michael Cobham, 29, younger son of air pioneer Sir Alan Cobham, at the Savoy Chapel. (Express)



LEFT: Twelve-year-old Prince Michael of Kent arrives at the London Casino for a film show with his tutor, Mr Timothy Dawson. During the interval, the young Prince, in his first long trousers, ate an ice cream. (Express)

THE baby who weighed 2 lb. 8 oz. when she was born, and who was fed from a fountain-pen filler, celebrated her 21st birthday the other day at her home in Haringay. Here is Joan Standen reading birthday greetings. (Express)



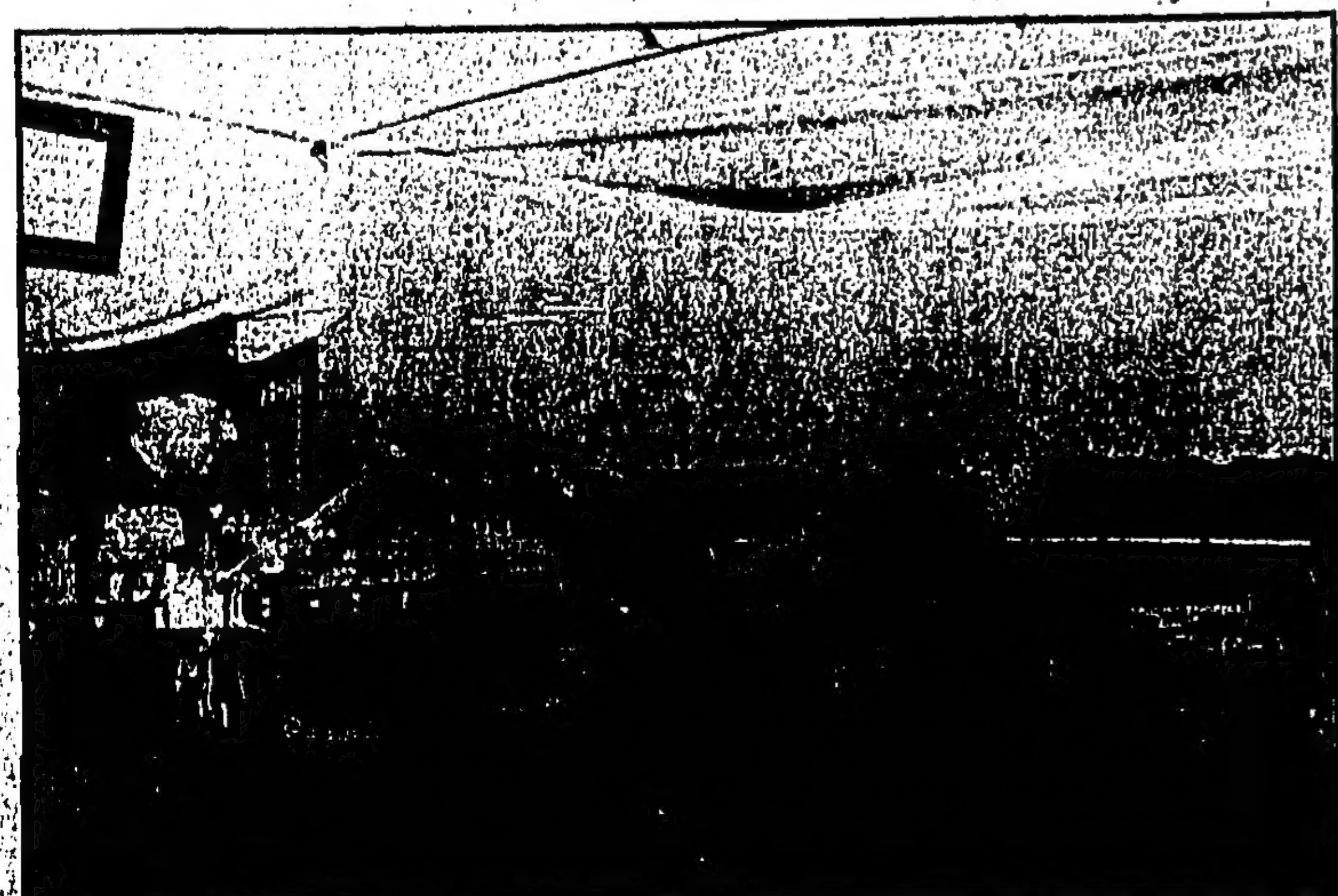
MR Victor Herman, QC — that's the next title Scottish flyweight, Vic Herman aims to earn. For the 25-year-old champion has announced his retirement from the ring in favour of reading for the law. (Express)



FAMOUS runners Roger Bannister (right) and Chris Chataway were named Sporting Personalties of 1954 at a ceremony televised from the Savoy Hotel, London. Bannister won the "Sportsman of the Year" trophy, and Chataway TV's new Sportsview Trophy. (Reutersphoto)



RED-HEADED, 27-year-old Kay Kendall, who has been suspended by the Rank Organisation, which has her under a seven-year contract, for refusing to play a part in the new film, "Doctor At Sea." She did not like the role, and accepted the suspension, which means loss of pay at £120 per week until a new part can be found for her. (Express)



AN elaborate 20-foot working model demonstrating small island craft operated by the Royal Engineers is included in the first National Boat Show at Olympia, London. The exhibit was built by the R.E. Transportation Centre at Longmoor. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



"Top sergeant says to pass word round that if someone don't start getting festive pretty soon he's gonna bust the lot of us in the morning."

London Express Service

Long before Burgess and Maclean vanished, all Europe tried to solve the mystery of another missing diplomat

THE SECRET LIFE OF REGINALD LEE

C. D. T. BAKER-GARR
tells another of the
World's Strangest Stories

THE British Consular Service is renowned for its tact—just as the Royal Navy is for its silent service, and policemen for the size of their boots. So that if a Burgess or a Maclean wishes to disappear he must do it with as little fuss as the time as possible. He must make the perfect exit, unnoticed until too late. The Consular Service will not tolerate any form of brash unseemliness, loss of dignity or lack of tact.

And it was in just such a manner that our Vice-Consul in Marseilles disappeared in July 1930. There was no fuss, no hub and cry—in fact, nothing seemed to happen for several days. Reginald Arthur Lee had disappeared with tact. And he has never been found.

Soon after midday on July 5, 1930, 31-year-old Vice-Consul Lee tidied his office, left £12 on his desk and walked out into the sunshine. At about 8.30 the same evening he drove his car 100 yards to his lock-up garage, unlocked the door and walked home to his flat in the Rue de Valence. There he hung up the keys to the garage in their customary place on a nail. That much is certain.

PROMISING

REGINALD Lee had a promising career ahead of him. Promotion seemed certain.

Lee was a bachelor, about 5ft. 10in. tall, with thinning red hair, high forehead, grey (very short-sighted) eyes, and of slight build. He was last seen wearing a brown suit, grey felt hat and rimless pince-nez.

On July 10 the first began. The French police were told that Lee had been missing for several days and authority was granted from Lee on the Consulate and his flat to be searched. Nothing of interest was found, except that Lee had not been seen in the Consulate since the night of the disappearance. The detective department at Calcutta had been informed that Lee had been seen in

three people at about 11.30 on July 5. A man recognized him as he walked up the steps into Marseilles railway station, and independently of each other two girls saw him waiting on one of the platforms. Theories were advanced that he was the victim of a dope-smuggling gang bent on vengeance, or that he vanished to escape them. His widowed mother arrived at Marseilles with another son, Dr Charles H. Lee, on July 13. They were quite certain that drug traffickers were after him, recalling that while he was in Havana he broke up a gang and deprived them of a cargo of cocaine. Then more recently in Marseilles, they said, he thwarted a gang of dope smugglers and seized £120,000 worth of drugs. (This, in fact, was denied by the new Acting Vice-Consul.)

RUMOUR

ON July 10, rumour said that Lee had gone to Egypt. But like the rest of these clues this led nowhere. That night fresh information arrived, and of a type guaranteed to excite any Frenchman. It was a postcard, inside an envelope, from the Woman in the Case. It had been delivered at the British Consulate five days after the disappearance but had not been handed to the police. The new Vice-Consul said he had "overlooked" it.

The card came from a Swiss-German girl called Ida Bucher, a nursemaid who had once been in service with the Lee family. Later she told the magistrate taking evidence on the disappearance of M. Pierucci, that she first met Lee in 1920. He fell deeply in love with her and for a long time wished to marry her; but she realised the difficulties—private and professional—and saw him for the last time on May 29, 1930, when he spent the day with her at Saint-Véran, near Nîmes.

On July 3 she received a final letter in which he said: "Without you life has no meaning for me." Once the police had discarded the idea of an absement they began to pursue several other theories. Bodies were found floating in the sea, and a mysterious extra grave was found in a French cemetery. But all these inquiries, however, failed to lead to Lee.



The Vice-Consul

Then British Intelligence Service were accused of having spirited Lee away. M. Cals had himself served in the French counter-espionage corps, and on August 6 he was convinced that British Intelligence had manoeuvred Lee's quiet exit.

Meanwhile, private agents, criminologists and hordes of newspapermen were scouring Marseilles for a likely clue. And Marseilles did not disappoint them. On July 19 a valise was found floating at the water's edge at nearby Moutonville. Inside were some linen (no markings), a bottle half full of whisky, and a photograph of a woman. On the back was written: "I am committing suicide. Nobody is to blame."

STARTLING

BUT the first body found was that of a woman—and she was not wearing pyjamas. Then the sea at Toulon gave up another corpse—but again it was the wrong one. Late in August the drug-gang theory was again in favour, for the Marseilles police informed Marseilles that they had arrested a man accused of stealing £10,000 from Marseilles railway station. With £1,000 found in the two men—Lee's brother and a man named Louis—were taken to the police station. The police then searched the bodies of the two men and found a small, round object in the pocket of the man named Louis. It was a small, round object, and it was a small, round object.

Nearly a month later, on October 20, an unidentified body was found in the cemetery at St Pierre cemetery at Marseilles—in a coffin that bore no official number plaque. But it was not Lee's.

For the next nine months no more was heard of the Lee mystery, and then events took a startling new turn. A drug smuggler confessed in Japan that Lee had been murdered. Third-degree had been used on an Osaka chemist, Kitada Kyoji, after his arrest for opium smuggling. He admitted his guilt and said that Lee's death had been organized by his smuggling partner, Tsunoda Mitsuo. Apparently Lee had discovered that drugs were being sent to Marseilles and from there on to India. He told the police, and in revenge was kidnapped, killed and his body thrown in the sea.

In March, 1931, the Japanese police at Osaka had switched their attentions to a dance-hall manager, called Sennosuke Asai. He was believed to be the mastermind behind an international gang of dope smugglers, had jumped his bail on a blackmailing charge and was known to have been living in the South of France at the time of Vice-Consul Lee's disappearance.

SKELETON

ON July 21, 1930 Mr. Justice Langton gave leave to presume the death of Reginald Arthur Lee "on or since July 5, 1930." His estate consisted of several thousand pounds, but he had left no will. In November the same year his brother was granted probate of his estate valued at little over £4,500. From the viscous mud at the bottom of Marseilles harbour came a clue. In October 1937, which so the world asking once more: "Is this the body of the missing Vice-Consul?" A dredger had brought up the rusted remains of a car.

Inside was the skeleton of a man just over 5ft. 10in. tall (Lee's height was given as 5ft. 10in.). The police made another attempt at reconstructing the crime. They believed that the victim, Lee, had stumbled on some vital secret which threatened the existence of some drug ring. He was taken for a ride, and murdered. Then the car with the shattered forced wheel open was sent floating into the water with its dead occupant.

A theory, however, with all the others, was based on the fact that Lee had been seen in the Consulate on the night of his disappearance. The police then searched the bodies of the two men and found a small, round object in the pocket of the man named Louis. It was a small, round object, and it was a small, round object.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

SOAPY WATER

IS GOOD FOR PLANTS;

USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.

WATER IS PRECIOUS

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...FOR A PERFECT GIN AND TONIC

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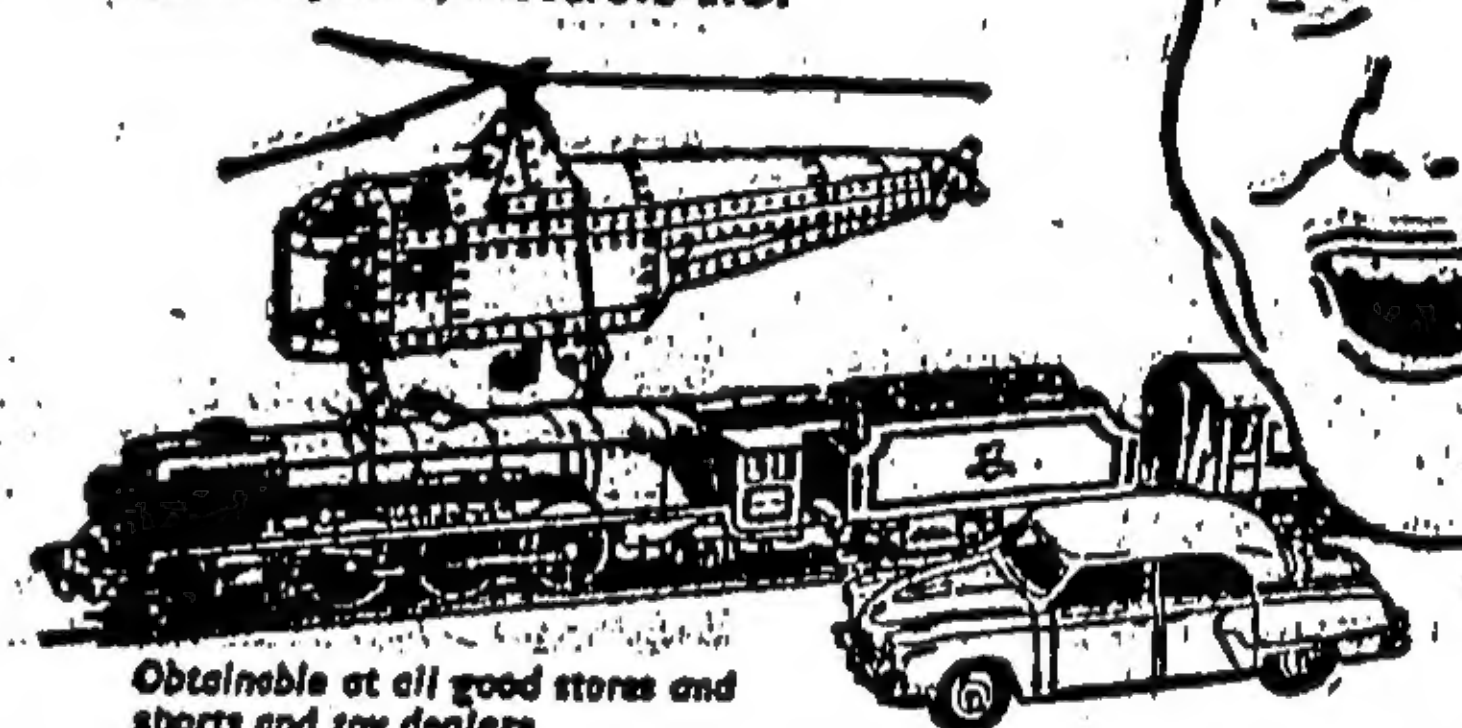
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IS THERE
ANY
HOPE
FOR MAN

THE ATOM CAN CUT COST OF TRAVEL AND TRADE

CHAPMAN PINCHER

continues a remarkable mission

NO nation would suffer more than Britain in atomic war. None stands to benefit so much from atomic peace. That is what leading atomic scientists, engineers, and administrators have told me in the course of my mission.

The threat which forced the Government to build a £150 million atomic industry for defence has automatically made Britain the only country, apart from America and Russia, which can produce large-scale atomic power in the foreseeable future.

The defence secrets of making atomic explosive are also the trade secrets of releasing the pent-up power of atomic fuel.

Britain is particularly well placed to reap quick benefits from the atom in five fields:

ELECTRIC POWER: Electricity will begin to flow from our atomic industry far sooner than was first expected, should end the continuous fuel crisis caused by our dwindling stocks of easily workable coal.

It should stop the continuing rise in fuel prices, for there is now little doubt that the atom will cheapen the cost of electric power.

The latest official estimates show that the fuel cost of making atomic electricity should certainly be less than the coal costs at the most modern power stations, and may be 10 times less.

The atom will first provide extra electricity which the country needs to expand its

industry. Later it will begin to supplant coal, making it possible for Britain to export coal again to countries which will always need it as a source of raw materials for industry.

America and Russia have ample coal stocks and so lack such pressing incentives to develop atomic power.

RAILWAYS: Britain will almost certainly be the first to use atom power on a large scale for driving railway engines.

Miniature atomic power plants for engines may never be feasible, but because our railway system is compact and densely loaded with traffic it should be economical to electrify most of it when the atom cheapens power.

This may never be practicable for the extended and thinly loaded railways of Russia and the U.S.

SHIPS: As the leading ship-building nation we stand to gain the most from the development of atom ship-propulsion. Engineers believe that when the price of atomic fuel falls, atom power for liners and large merchant ships may be more economical than coal or oil.

AEROPLANES: Our lead in jet engines should give us the edge on the rest of the world in developing atomic power-plants for large aeroplanes.

EXPORTS: Cheaper electricity would benefit Britain's export trade by cutting the cost of manufactured goods, but the atom's outstanding promise for Britain lies in its ability to open up an entirely new export industry—the sale of "packaged" power.

One lb. of atomic fuel will set free as much electricity as

many thousands of tons of coal or oil, and may not need renewal for several years.

So prefabricated power plants could be set up in almost any of the areas of the world which have remained undeveloped for lack of fuel.

All countries save America and Russia will have to buy their atom power for many years, as they will not have the factories to make the fuel. Russia's home demands will be so heavy that Britain and the U.S. are likely to share the export markets.

Inquiries about the future cost of British atom plant and fuel have already been received from European countries. The Government has already sold uranium fuel to Norway and is processing some for Switzerland.

But the richest markets of the future lie in those huge countries with vast unworked natural resources.

If war can be avoided, as seems most likely, the atom spells rapid advancement for countries like India, Rhodesia, Australia, New Guinea, Brazil, and the Argentine.

This is the opportunity which Britain has been seeking—a means of exporting the unrivalled brain-power of our scientists and the skill of our engineers.

It is a long-lasting opportunity, for the thorough exploitation of the atom for peace will make exacting demands on human ingenuity and inventiveness for many years.

If foreign customers prefer British experts to service their atom plants as well as construct them, as may be necessary, we may once more be able to build up foreign investments.

As an extra bonus for Britain atom power offers an ultimate

answer to smog. Atom power stations will produce no smoke or sulphur fumes.

The experts are confident that all these benefits can be won in the years immediately ahead. Atomic power is no longer a topic to be talked of in terms of 20 years from now as the scientists first forecast.

The basic problems of harnessing the atom are solved. Uranium supplies will be sufficient to satisfy man's needs.

The DREAM

THE dangers of radioactivity will not limit the full use of atomic power or substantially increase its cost.

Optimistic forecasts of the price of atomic electricity take no account of further cost-cutting projects which are almost certain to succeed.

The most promising of these is the building of a type of power station which, while generating electricity, will create more fuel than it consumes—from dress materials. Man is never likely to get much nearer to the ancient dream of perpetual motion.

The by-products of atomic power stations are proving to be of astonishing value.

The WASTE

AN entirely new industry based on the strange effects of bombarding ordinary substances with the rays and particles thrown off by atomic waste is being born in the laboratories.

Thus it has been found that plastics become far more resistant to heat after such bombardment. Brittle plastics can be made flexible, opaque ones transparent.

Potatoes treated with atomic rays store much longer without ill-effects on taste or texture. The rays can kill the damaging insect pests in flour, rice, and other foods.

The recent race to a Leeds hospital with radioactive medicine from the Harwell research station highlighted the ever-increasing application of atomic research to treatment, and diagnosis.

Enhancing all these exciting prospects is the fact that the bulk of the world's uranium—the life-blood of all atom development—lies in the British Empire.

In Canada alone prospectors have made more than 800 promising strikes. Rhodesia is rich in uranium. Every month brings news of fresh finds in Australia.

The uranium now being extracted from the huge heaps of waste collected over the years at the South African goldfields will be providing about 40 per cent of America's total uranium supplies by 1956.

The WEALTH

THE emergence of atomic energy as a dominating force in peace or war has permanently increased the wealth of the Empire.

Britain's capacity to supply the specialised equipment and talent to develop this wealth will lead to still closer co-operation with Empire countries—with mutual benefit.

This inquiry, which has taken me into the confidence of many leading atomic experts, sums up to this conclusion:

Britain can benefit from the astonishing opportunities the atom offers more and more than any other nation.

NEXT SATURDAY: How soon will the atom be working for us?

Miss Mann converts 100,000 to a diet

—THE ATTRACTION IS IT SKIPS A DAY

by EVELYN IRONS

A here. It is called the "Skip-a-day" diet because that is just what it is. You go on a strict diet one day and eat what you like the next.

Thousands of overweight women who have hitherto balked at a slimming diet because they could not face the rigours of semi-starvation are going in for this one.

Pep Talks

Originator of the idea is a tiny blonde called Claire Mann.

Claire appears on one of the major television circuits for 30 minutes every day to give pep talks about glamour and beauty, and she is the director of Overweight Anonymous which, she says frankly, she founded in direct imitation of the colossal success of Alcoholics Anonymous headed by another Mann, Mary, to whom she is not related.

Since it started three years ago, Overweight Anonymous has grown to a membership of well over 100,000, of whom one in every 100 are men. Every day on TV Claire Mann advises and encourages her OA disciples, and urges them to take to the "Skip-a-day" diet.

She claims that over a six-week period the average loss of weight on this regime is 25 pounds.

Here is a typical set of menus for the diet day. It is varied slightly, but the quantities and food values stay the same.

ON RISING.—London juice (fresh) and water.

BREAKFAST.—One boiled egg, one slice dry toast, coffee or tea with a little milk but no sugar.

MID-MORNING.—Ten or 12 tomato juice with one water-biscuit.

LUNCH.—Two slices cold meat, half head lettuce, one tomato, one raw carrot, one slice dry toast, coffee or tea.

TEA.—Tea and one water-biscuit.

DINNER.—Any grilled or boiled meat or fish (not roast or fried), two cooked vegetables (not potatoes), portion of jelly (the pudding, not the jam) or a half grapefruit. Coffee or tea.

General rules for the diet day—no sugar, the barest minimum of salt (or none at all), the usual ban on bread, potatoes and fried foods, no liquids with meals (take tea or coffee after-wards), no snipping of meals, no nibbling between meals (particularly is there a veto on a new weakness, TV nibbling).

A cocktail rates 100 calories (equivalent to a doughnut) and a whisky and soda 140 calories (1½ potatoes). So if alcohol is taken something else must be knocked off. Director Mann admits that there is a psychological twist to this business of eating as much as you like on alternate days of the diet.

—Moral Support

"In theory you can have as much as you like," she said, "but in practice you will probably begin to avoid such things as rich ice cream sundaes and gooey chocolate cream pie."

"The important step in slimming is to break the usual eating habits. Once that is done, it seems easier to avoid foods that will obviously add weight."

"That's the way it is working out, anyway. People on this diet don't usually make pigs of themselves on the 'off days.' It's all a question of the psychological approach."

Overweight Anonymous is a psychological trick to get slim, too, Miss Mann says she got the idea when three women on her TV beauty panel had a competition to see who could lose most weight during a 13-week



CLAIRE MANN—founder of OVERWEIGHT ANONYMOUS.

period in which they reported for at least 600,000 viewers right across America.

At the end of the 13 weeks the women complained that they would never be able to keep their figures down when bereft of each other's moral support.

Today moral support is thoroughly organised. Members pay no fees, but they are banded together in groups of 5 to 10, each group ruled by a volunteer supervisor who reports regularly on results to Miss Mann's New York headquarters.

Members have two pieces of equipment—bathroom scales and a tape measure. "Your ideal weight," says Miss Mann, "is what you were when you were 25, and your ideal measurements are—waistline, about eight to 10 inches smaller than your hips; hips about two inches larger than your bust."

Each member undertakes to keep a weekly chart of her weight and measurements. She is disqualified if she does not

keep her weight under control for at least six months after she has got it down.

The supervisor calls a meeting at least once a fortnight so that members can confess their slips from the regime and fortify one another's resolve.

"Confession," pronounces Miss Mann, "may be good for the soul, and it certainly is good for the figure."

Fat people, she believes, are often victims of some psychological trouble, just as alcoholics are.

A nagging wife may eat too much in order to satisfy her own shortcomings.

A woman who is worrying over some financial difficulty may take to cake just as another girl would take to drink.

One who is in an emotional tangle may guzzle chocolates.

The relief of talking over her problems with other chronic over-eaters can break bad eating habits. "Our records prove it again," and again," says Miss Mann.

MIDDLE EAST PACT—1955?

By JAMES WICKENDEN

HUSTLING through the grit and heat from wind-whipped Lake Galilee to dervish-whirling Damascus—bazaars are dozens of diplomats, soldiers and leaders in the Middle East's biggest postwar political stir.

Some of them, like Egypt's Abdel Nasser, Iraq's Nuri-es-Said and Turkey's Adnan Menderes, are local premiers. Others, like Britain's Chief of Imperial General Staff Harding and Foreign Under-Secretary Evelyn Shuckburgh, are Western emissaries.

But all seek one thing—Middle East unity.

All face the same possible dangers—fighting between Jews and Arabs, a Russian threat to east Turkey and north Iraq, and four tottering Middle East governments.

All three problems are tangled in a ferment of inter-state Arab suspicion, ancient Arab hatred of Jews and a growing, all-conscious middle-class dissatisfaction with their stake in government. The prospect looks grim, especially since Britain's evacuation of Suez—now highlighted by SHAPE headquarters' latest assessment that if Russia attacked it would be through north Iraq and east Turkey, not

through a German reinforced Europe.

Three treaties form a sketchy framework for Middle East strength—the Pakistan-Turkey agreement, the link between Turkey and Egypt following the Suez settlement, and the proposed Arab League Security Pact.

Some since has grown on them since Persian oil flowed again. In October, American arms are already at sea bound for Iraq. Egypt and Syria are probably next on the list for aid.

But the defence jigsaw cannot be complete without Arab-Jew harmony and new bases for the British and Arab unity.

Book-thick Report

To get the Arab-Israeli peace, Shuckburgh is compiling a book-thick report on the region as a basis for British Government peace proposals this year.

For the bases, Sir John Harding is seeking definite military concessions from the Middle East states.

Shuckburgh's task is the hardest. For even if the Middle East leaders, Iraq's Nuri-es-Said for example, want peace with Israel, they know their governments may be swept away by anti-West Muslim fanatics and classified intellectuals, both fellow-travelling with an over-busy Communist underground.

These movements, like Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood, work hard to inflame anti-Jew feeling and are powerful enough to sway national policy.

Recently the Brotherhood accused Nasser's government of talking peace with Israelis at secret meetings near the Gulf of Akaba. It was to save his face over this that Nasser halted the Jewish freighter, Bat Galim, at Suez.

Nasser also played safe by tolerating radio propaganda against French North African rule, and the popular Cairo slogan "After Suez, Palestine."

Syria, as well, is sapped by seething discontent, despite her first free elections in September. The three major parties—People's Party, Nationalists and Socialists, tied for power at the polls. The stalemate is expected to bring down the government in a few months.

Communists and intelligentsia in young King Hussein's Jordan are also linking against the government despite its clean record.

Reason—authoritarian government in Arab countries is effective in brief bouts but apparently does not satisfy the new middle-classes who vie with army men for social prestige.

The Communists gain ground by backing such political outsiders in "Popular Front" movements growing in every Arab country.

Even Iraq is expected to be in turmoil soon and to topple pro-

Western Nuri-es-Said once again from his premiership.

Conscious of their weak hold at home, Middle East leaders cannot offer Israel acceptable terms. The general Arab line is that, for peace, Israel must withdraw to pre-1948 frontiers.

Israel, tense from months of holding new-won ground through the so-called truce period, is willing to negotiate. Premier Moshe Sharett hints that he might offer the bait of a neutral corridor through the Negev between Egypt and Arabia.

But neither he nor any other Israeli leader would think of pulling back to the 1948 line, so sacrificing much of new Israel.

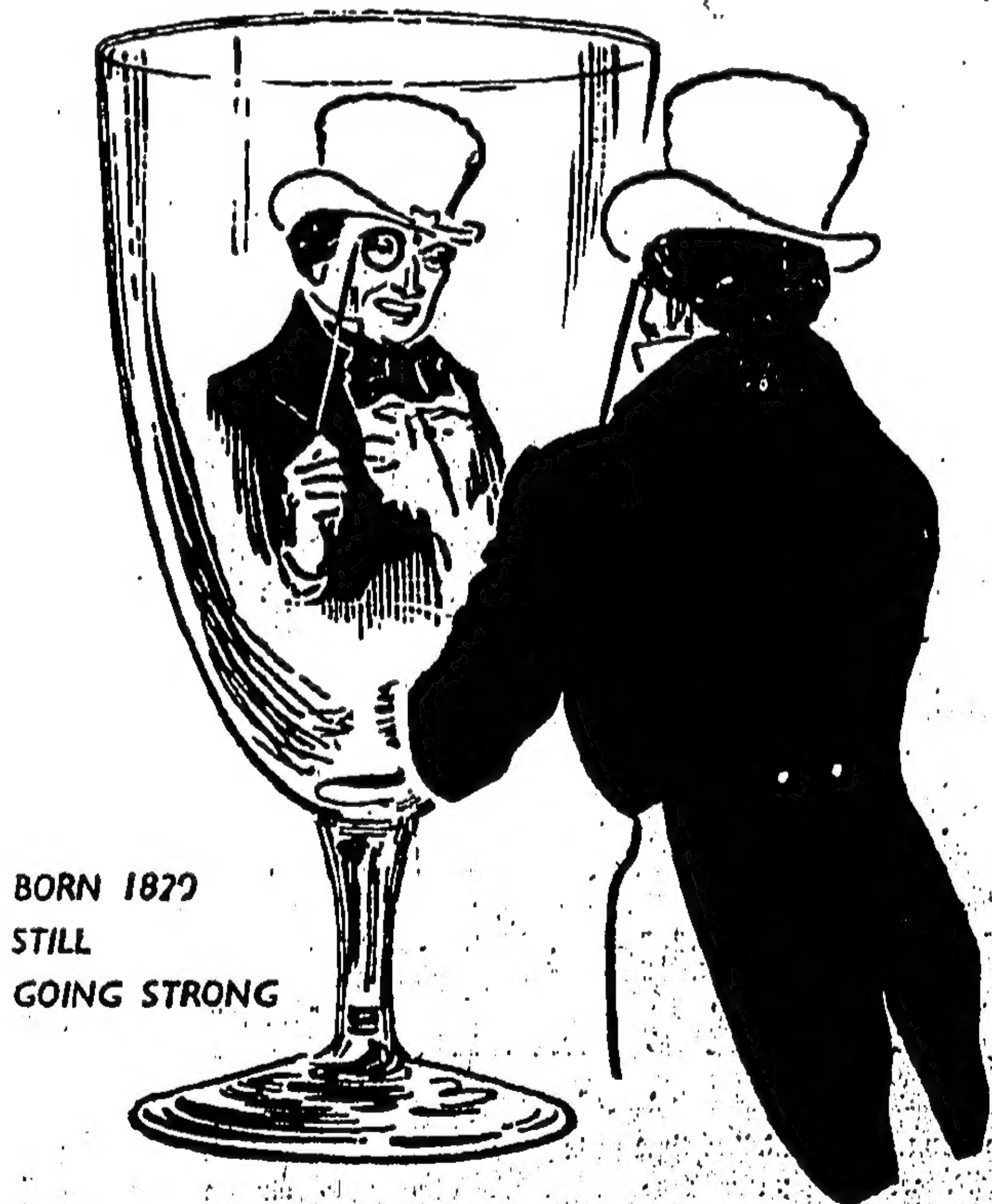
Hardest To Get

Last of all, and hardest to get, is unity among the Arab states. Only under a prophet or an inspired leader like Lawrence do the Arabs stand together.

A veneer of modern politics has not healed this separatism. Even now Nuri-es-Said threatens to isolate Egypt and Arabia from the rest by joining Iraq to the Turkey-Pakistan bloc.

And there is another danger in the Middle East. Compressed beneath it is two-thirds of the world's oil at 4,000 pounds per inch—enough to blow old-time Texaco wild-catters sky high.

The threat of its wealth blowing apart the traditional desert poor and the new town rich is just one more strain on Arab unity.



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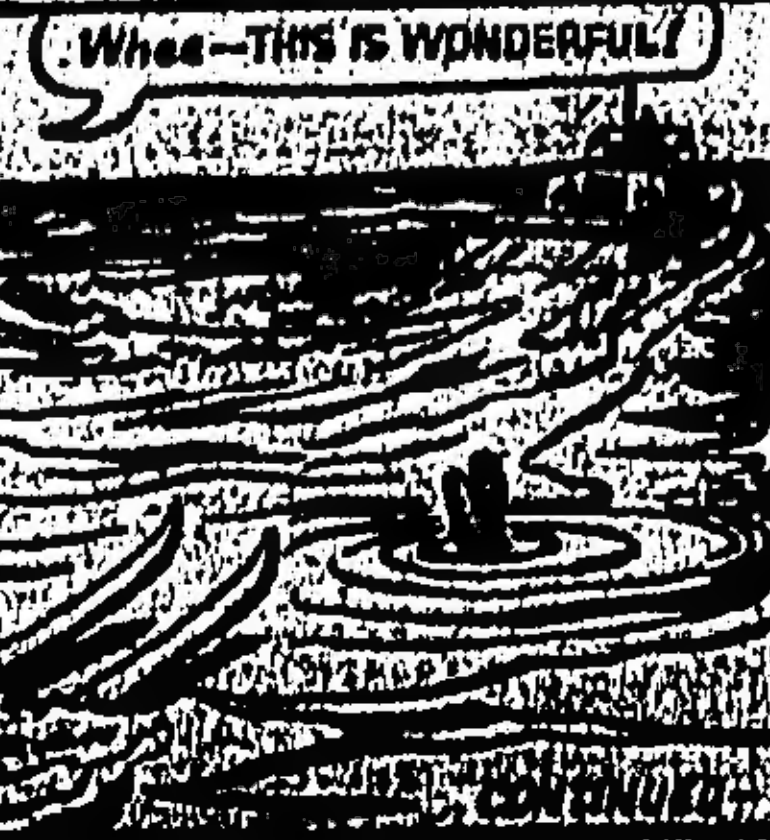
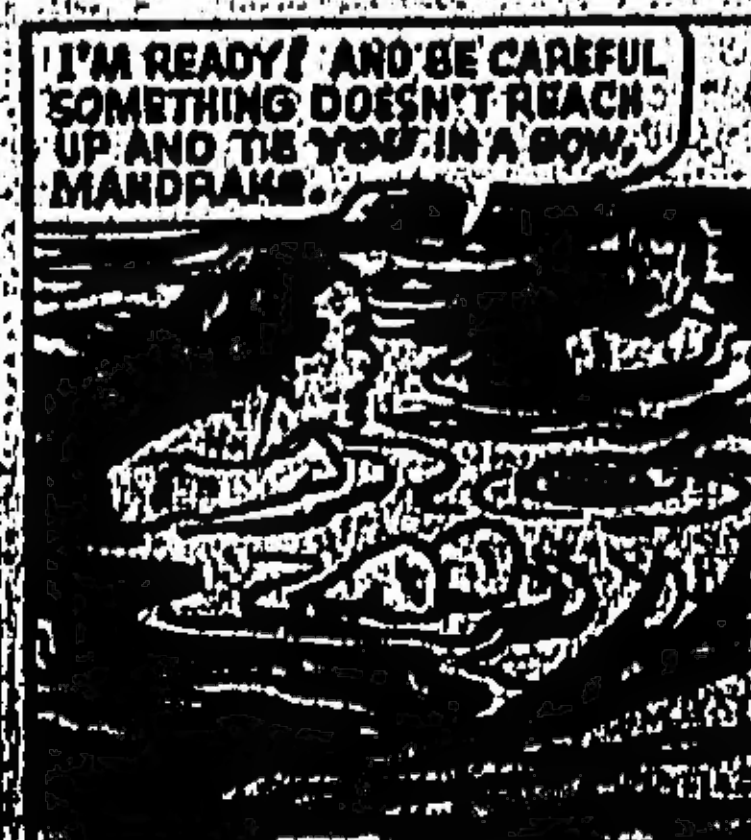
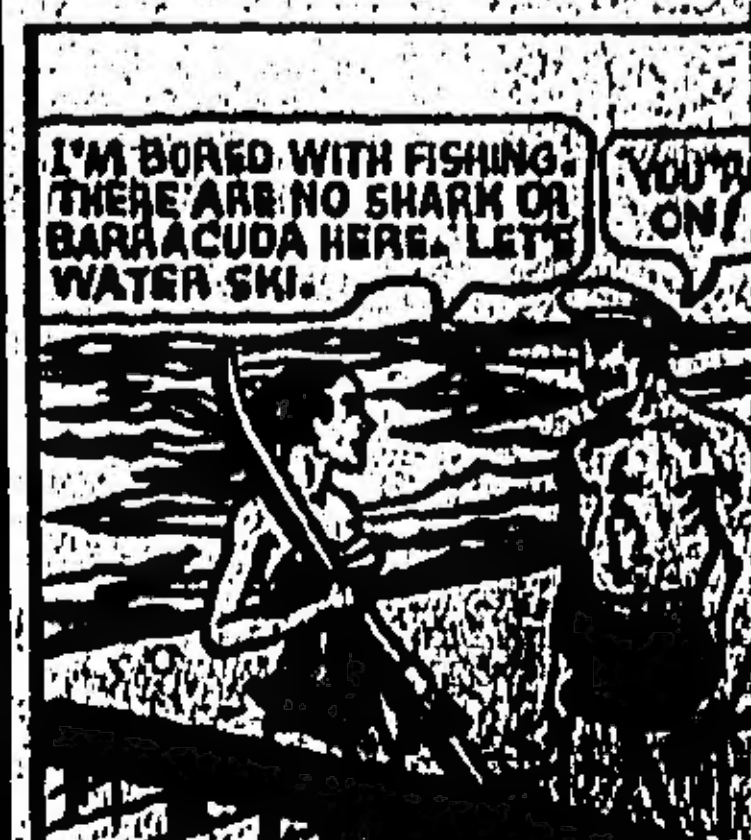
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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



BLOCKING THE CRIMINAL'S CHANNELS OF ESCAPE

SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME

BY A. J. FORREST

INTERPOL never forgets. Nor, for that matter, does New Scotland Yard. Full details and description of a "wanted" man—who has committed a crime within our shores and bolted to some hide-out overseas—are circulated again and again as fresh scraps of information crop up.

Interpol is advised, for instance, over what exact territory a fleeing crook's war service, if any, led him. Police forces in those countries are doubly alert and watchful. For war-time "heroes" and liberators sometimes rely on ex-girl friends overseas to shelter and feed them until they feel the hue and cry for them has died down.

Although foreigners are often the "brains" behind the dope-peddling, counterfeiting, smuggling and white slavery rackets in Britain, it often happens that the master-mind is British-born. And every so often some live-wire crook tries out a new idea, invents a revolutionary swindle calculated to line his pockets with loot.

Weeks Of Luxury

But new tricks undoubtedly stimulate international police surveillance, lending a fresh kick to the hunt as one country tracks down another country's murderer, or pursues a foreign-operating bandit, fraudulent company promoter, base money utterer, or false cheque swindler.

A gentleman called Mr. B., alias Kaye, performed a neat swindle in London, a trick so neat and original that I must not reveal it. It netted him £12,500. Then he slipped off abroad, leaving behind him, as he supposed, a baffled police force. He would, however, have wiped the smug grin off his face had he overheard, soon

The FULL, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organisation which fights international crime all over the world, which has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the complete co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL

after his getaway, the call that went out from Scotland Yard.

"'Allo, 'Allo, Interpol Paris? Let Interpol London." Then, continuing in French, the British detective supplied his Paris colleagues with details of Mr. B., his aliases, and requested an international search for him.

That same day radio beams swept through the ether bearing his description. Revelling in his fool's paradise of cleverness, he was utterly ignorant of how he was being inexorably hunted down.

For a few weeks he lived luxuriously, enjoyed wild parties, won his women friends generously, absorbed their adulation with eager eyes, and no doubt felt thoroughly safe and secure in his crookedness.

Yet, from the start, the invisible hounds were beginning to bay. Within two days of Interpol's radio search call for him, Denmark's Interpol Bureau, quartered in Copenhagen, reacted. "Yes," declared the Danish police, "a man answering your description, calling himself Leonard Kaye, arrived in Copenhagen on December 16. He registered as having come from Germany. But he left the same day for Sweden."

Sweden's Interpol, advised by Paris, now flung out their own net. Yet, Leonard Kaye had crossed their frontier. He was now travelling on board the Barranduna for Melbourne, Australia.

Clever Mr. B. How adroitly, with what fox-like cunning he had covered up his tracks, flitting from frontier to frontier, and bamboozling all as to his real intention—to hide away "down under" a wealthy man, making whoopee some 12,000 miles away from the scene of his crime.

Persons who settled in Britain after the war, Interpol proved a sure instrument for meeting out justice. The girl, a Lithuanian by birth, worked as maid-servant in a hospital at Prestwick, Lancs. S. J. met and married a Hungarian D.P., continuing with her hospital duties.

They set up a home, perhaps not completely quarrel-free but moderately prosperous and happy. Then something cracked, or turned turtle, directly the girl gave birth to a baby boy.

His arrival disturbed some complex in her husband's mind. Whether through jealousy or a sense of thwarted independence, he resented the baby's arrival far more strongly than he dared to say. Something akin to hate lurked within him. Perhaps he felt the child handicapped the family's joint earning capacity. And, perhaps, he relied too much on his wife's wages for the extra comforts he was loath to sacrifice.

"I Must See My Boy"

Soon after the child's birth, he persuaded his wife to resume work. "I shall board out the baby," he told her. "I know a good woman who will look after him as a foster-mother." After some disagreement, she became reconciled to this step, prepared the baby's clothes, and made all proper arrangements as a conscientious mother for his departure, though she was still in the dark as to who was going to nurse her child.

She knew only that it would be boarded out with a woman in Salford. The day she started work at the hospital again, her husband transferred, so he said, their boy to his new foster-mother. Naturally, she craved to visit her baby, but always he put her off, saying she must give the child time to settle down.

After about three weeks, her anxiety became intolerable. "I must see my boy," she insisted. That very morning she had, as it happened, presented her husband with some £23, her maternity benefit. "Well, you can't," he snapped back angrily. "I gave him away to some people in a car."

Imagine the young mother's anguish and alarm when the man she trusted confided her lie that masked, as events proved, an even more terrifying truth.

When she got back from work next day, her husband had disappeared. She confided her distress to her sister. The two of them went to the police. The Lancashire police tried first to discover if her husband had but acted pettishly, telling her, perhaps out of spite, that he had let some unknown motorist take care of their child. All women known as foster-mothers in Salford and surrounding industrial districts were visited. But there inquiries drew a blank—except for one telling fact.

Someone revealed that the Hungarian, when asked about his baby, had said he was letting his wife's sister take care of it, since his wife wanted to resume her hospital work. Lies and more lies. The man's disappearance, and the discovery of the child's ration book in a coat pocket behind—pointed to some evil motive behind his falsehoods. The police set out to find him. Soon they had evidence that a

man of his name and appearance had boarded a boat at Folkestone for Boulogne. But his papers were out of order and the French authorities had forbidden him to land. Then, instead of re-boarding the steamer, as ordered, he had bolted.

Ticklish Mission

Learning this, Lancashire's Chief Constable called up "British Interpol" at New Scotland Yard. And once again the invisible network began its relentless, probing search.

For weeks no vital clue was uncovered. Then, tersely, from Interpol, Western Germany, a message was received that a man, wanted by the British police, was held in a Bavarian prison at Rebdorf. He had been committed there three weeks earlier, to serve a month's sentence for, as we would phrase it, "Wandering abroad without visible means of support." He was due out almost immediately.

At once two North country police officers flew to intercept

him. It was a desperate race against the clock. Moreover, theirs was a ticklish mission. For they had no substantial charge against him, merely a minor one of infringing the alien regulations by failing to report a change of address. This, alone, could not justify a request to the Munich police authorities for his extradition. But, of course, they suspected him now of a much more serious offence.

They interviewed him in his cell, barely twelve hours before his release was due. Thus confronted, the man's conscience repented the lies he had made to his wife. He confessed to having murdered their baby, and drew a map showing exactly where, in a debris-ridden region, he had disposed of its body.

When they escorted him back to England, the fatal map, every detail, was accurate in every detail.

His trial for murder opened at the Manchester Assizes on December 11, 1952. The jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to death. But the

Queen's mercy intervened, commuting this sentence to one of life imprisonment.

So, by a narrow margin, almost by the contrivance of fate, or maybe divine justice, this murderer was kept just long enough in an obscure German prison for English police officers to uncover his guilt. Once again, Interpol's intervention had brought a killer to book.

Gap Reduced

The case illustrates, also, how any police force in the British Isles can, whenever there is need, link itself without delay to Interpol.

Nobody pretends that escape is impossible. But because of Interpol's power to call upon the immediate co-operation of forty-eight national police forces, the escape gap for any runaway criminal is appreciably reduced and, in many cases, completely blocked.

Next Week: Arch Fire-Raiser Was Fire Brigade Chief

Three Cheers For Wine-After-Dinner

WILL the wine party replace the cocktail party in 1955? Personally, I give three cheers for the idea and hope it succeeds. I agree with Sir Anthony Eden, who declares publicly that he hates cocktail parties.

There's little sociability or pleasure in the rushed two hours drinking between office and dinner or theatre engagement. They usually turn out to be bad for the nerves, bad for the digestion and bad for the temper.

The new idea in party-giving is catching on. Mrs. Gwylm Lloyd George tells me she likes the idea as it gives friends from the House of Commons a chance to come.

One popular hostess who is against cocktail parties is Mrs.

SOMETHING TO REPLACE THE COCKTAIL PARTY IN 1955

By Eileen Ascroft

Douglas Fairbanks. "Cocktail parties are a nuisance," she says. "Just at the time I want to be with my children before they go to bed I have to be at a cocktail party. I think most mothers will agree with me."

Major Tufon Beamish, MP, also prefers after-dinner entertaining, though "it's usually coffee and liquors." He thinks people enjoy going out more if they have a chance to go home and change and dine first.

What advantages do hostesses find that the new-style wine

them dry martinis and the bill won't be less than £9.

What to serve... Claret or hock cup, warm spiced red wine, chilled vin rose or burgundy or claret at room temperature.

If you're serving wine to guests before dinner instead of cocktails, serve a good Madeira with small dry biscuits.

Wine is best in a glass with a bowl and never more than three-quarters full. If you're making a hot wine punch try to use a silver bowl and don't make too much at a time or it loses its bouquet.

The Right Food... Cheese pays a good compliment to red wine, so serve cheese, straws and savouries, both hot and cold.

With dry white wine, fish snacks are best—sardines or smoked salmon—or chicken savouries. With sweet white wine, fruit.

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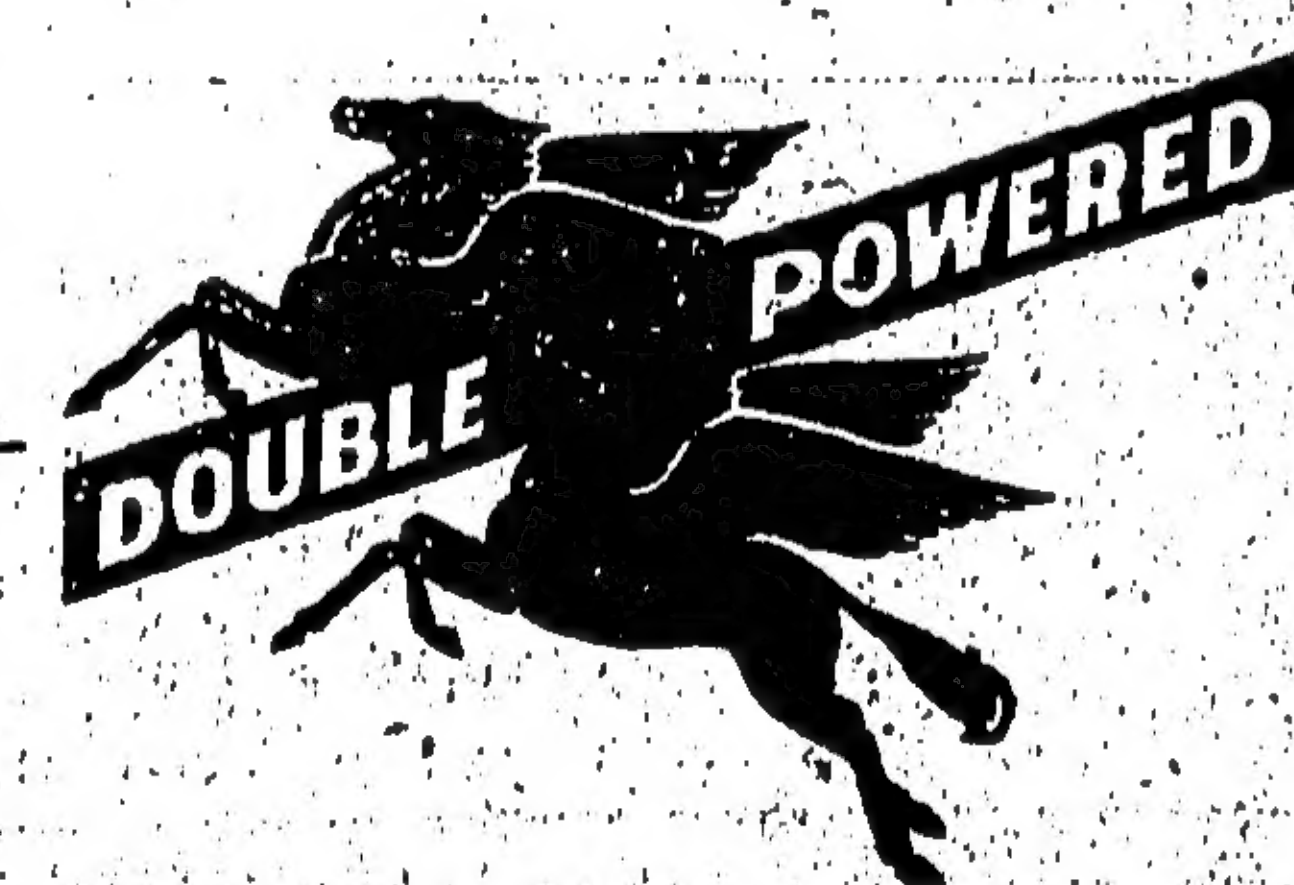
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SILANTYTOWN... Where No Light Shines On Misery

Johannesburg.
It seems unlikely that I shall quickly forget Boxing Day 1954: For I spent much of it visiting what must be one of the most squalid places the world of today can offer—the sprawling series of Shantytowns some miles to the west of this bursting rich city of Johannesburg which houses, if that is the word I want, a quarter of a million Negroes.

In 30 years of reporting all over the map I have had a look at some pretty sordid scenes. But for sheer stomach-turning misery parts of Shantytown, South Africa, go right up there near the head of the list.

'Only coons'

My morning paper had headlines: "Eighteen die, 220 injured in city riots." But white South Africans to whom I spoke struggled this off. "Oh, that doesn't count—they're only coons," explained one.

So off I set to see what background could be producing this sort of casually accepted violence. Whites are not supposed to enter the Negro ghetto without a special police permit, but Father Trevor Huddleston, an Englishman of impressive personality who is the Provincial Commissioner of the Anglican Missionary Community of the Resurrection here, accompanied me.

Let me make this clear: a few parts of Shantytown are decent by international standards. Occasionally I saw rows of little concrete prefabs. Here the Negro occupants had reacted to the better conditions with flourishing gardens of dahlias and an occasional bright blooming oleander.

Mud shacks

BUT check by jowl with these newer estates sprawled the horror of massed shacks made of corrugated iron and dried mud, the whole thing surrounded by high barbed wire fences. The sanitation was of the most primitive sort and, at the time, the stench was almost more than I could take.

Towering above the scene was the huge Johannesburg power station, the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere.

But it stood there like some sordid practical joke which would have caused amusement among my Russian friends, for no power or light from it is ever spared for the ghetto—a circumstance which adds to the formidable crime rate.

I walked down some of the tiny alleyways while the children came running in friendly amazement at the white visitor and most of the men swept off their hats at the sight of Father Huddleston's habit.

Hogarth and Rowlandson would have found far too much to draw in this huge, stinking



The first of a searchlight series by

Rene MacColl

slums, sprawling in the mocking sunshine, in the tiny hovels, their tin roofs held in place by boulders, and the general air of lawless degradation.

Reacts for this sad design for living? From £1 15s. to £2 17s. a month.

What does that entitle you to? The privilege of a communal cold water spout now and again in the street.

Bright spots

IT is really rather surprising that the residents find the time or the leisure to tend their little plots for, thanks to a woeful shortage of public transport, thousands of them have to get up every working day as early as 4 a.m. to queue for the too few buses which take them to their 8 o'clock jobs in Johannesburg—and then queue again for hours more at the day's end, to get home, perhaps, hard on midnight.

Bright spots? Hospital facilities are excellent, says Father Huddleston. In two big and modern hospitals the people are well looked after, and no coloured man or woman, whether penniless or not, need suffer neglect if they fall ill.

Amusements? We passed a municipal beer hall, drab and repellent-looking like nearly all else in this wilderness of humans, made of battered, red-painted corrugated iron.

A mob of men milled around and a squad of Negro police kept a surly vigil at the gates.

Calamitous

THERE is some sort of radio diffusion service available at a small monthly rate. But the programmes are rather selective, as you might suppose, and now and again the locals remark wistfully, but unavailingly, that they would prefer to have electric light.

Through Orlando we went, and Pinville and Jabavu and past a spot of frightening aspect named Kliptown, and Moroka and Dube.

Finally, we wound up at a place which contains the seeds of a calamitous situation.

This is Sophiatown (population 70,000), oldest of the Negro ghettos. It fringes the district made famous by Alan Paton's novel "Cry The Beloved Country."

In contrast to the homes I had seen everywhere else, many of its houses stifle you by being solidly built of brick.

But unfortunately Sophiatown is separated by only a narrow No Man's Land—very like the barren frontier zones which separate mutually

suspicious nations—from the white suburb of Westdene. The whites have been steadily pushing outwards from Johannesburg towards Sophiatown. And so Hendrik Verwoerd—the 53-year-old Doctor of Philosophy who is Minister for Native Affairs and the most fanatic of all the Nationalist Cabinet—has decreed that Sophiatown must disappear.

Its inhabitants will be cleared out and the solid brick homes razed. Probably in mid-March.

You can see the explosive possibilities of that situation. Some extremists are saying that it will be "a bus and bulldozer job." Meaning that one fine morning a fleet of buses will turn up, the people will be loaded into them, and the bulldozers will follow right along.

I hope that Dr Verwoerd will contrive a way of handling matters a little more tactfully. Meanwhile, I think I want to pay tribute to the dogged courage of the human spirit—that manages, among the filth and unhappiness of Shantytown, to grow those flowers.

A day's work

before

breakfast



TIME — 8.30 a.m. Brief splashing in the bathhouse. Then the genius goes to his soundproof room.

by Anne Sharpley

of him away in his books," says Miss Simenon.

Only a slight and strange change of character takes place during the six well-separated years.

When Simenon is writing, he is like the gay, roly-poly little Belgian with the pointed nose and small bright eyes.

"He goes quiet," as do most husbands "but most of them unfortunately are not producing best-sellers."

"I can see a book coming on like the last," says Miss Simenon.

His eyes look inward instead of sparkling. The first day of a book and the pattern for the following night.

Whatever he does the first day he must do every day following. It's not superstition.

It is to keep that tremendous power of concentration going.

After lunch and his 90-minute nap he always sits down together without even the children's disturb us.

He is not a man who can be disturbed. He is a man who can be disturbed.

And what is the wife of the perfect genius like?

She is wonderfully calm. Her face is pale and without make-up. Her clothes are beige, her voice soft and even her charm bracelet gives a more subdued tinkling.

Her age is 44 and she and Simenon fell in love "at first sight" when she met him at a New York luncheon arranged in 1945. She was Denise Froland, Canadian, a short, short-nailed and thin—the very last thing he thought of as a beautiful woman.

Jealous?

Denise is his business-mind. His proof-reader, his memory (51 years old Simenon frequently forgets the titles of his 300 or so books) is only of which are under his own name.

She is also his wife. So I asked her if she ever felt jealous when Simenon writes an irresistible Continental novel for feminine readers, commented on the press girls he met on their post-novel spree in New York.

"I am never jealous of him in that way," she said.

"It is when he goes down to his typewriter for the first day of a book. It is then I have a catch in my throat. I must have when he notices a pretty girl."

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF MISINFORMATION

By DENNIS BARDENS

WHAT is an encyclopedia? According to my dictionary and my understanding it is an authoritative work of reference on a variety of subjects. The job of an encyclopedia is to give accurate and detailed information to the honest seeker after truth.

To the men who rule Soviet Russia, however, works of reference, like any other publications, have a different function. They must be media for Communist propaganda and conform strictly to the current Party line.

Ideological Purity

The Moscow literary review, New World, said in September 1954: "The Communist Party keeps a close watch on the ideological purity, the Marxist-Leninist strictness of our newspapers, periodicals and publications, discovering in good time and resolutely correcting any deviations from the line of the Party." That is to say, facts printed must either fit Communist theory or be suppressed or distorted.

A spectacular example of the deliberate falsification of the fact is to be found in the Large Soviet Encyclopaedia.

"Books in Capitalist Countries. In the U.S.A., as in other capitalist countries, the number of pornographic books—and so-called 'comics'—tales of man-of-adventures and accompanied by low-quality illustrations—is increasing. So-called popular editions and anti-artistic 'best sellers,' reactionary in their ideological trends and pseudo-scientific in their content, fill the book market in the capitalist countries. Confiscation of books, prosecutions, arrest of progressive authors, banning of the import of books from the Soviet Union... have become in the USA, just as typical events as they were in Hitlerite Germany. All this is simply a particular manifestation of... the deterioration and debasement of bourgeois culture."

More Published

Few countries have a greater appetite for good reading than Britain and the United States.

In Britain more books are being published than ever before, and a glance at such publications as The Times Literary Supplement will show the enormous diversity of reading enjoyed. In Britain last year 18,000 books—over a thousand more than the record figure of 1937—were published. The famous Penguin books, moderate in price and many of them of high literary quality, including Russia, sold more than 750,000 copies. Between January and October 1954, no fewer than 10,010 books were published, of which less than a quarter were reprints, the remainder being entirely new titles.

As for bestsellers, more than three million Bibles have been sold in Britain during the last two years. An enormous range of titles dealt with poetry, the arts, science, economics and politics.

There is, incidentally, no restraint whatever on the sale of Communist literature, whether imported from abroad or printed in Britain. One well-known bookshop with several branches, deals almost entirely in current publications from the USSR, its satellites and China. Ehrenburg's latest novel

"The Thaw," is shortly to be published in England.

In Soviet Russia, on the other hand, where the Government monopolises the import and translation of foreign books, there is a flourishing black market in those which are permitted. According to Evening Moscow of February 17, 1954, this is because only 772 copies of Faust, for instance, were sent to Moscow's 70 bookshops, "while other books, which lie untouched on their shelves for many months, are annually republished in thousands of copies."

Anybody found in possession of books banned by the authorities is liable to receive a prison sentence of at least six months. If there were aggravating circumstances—such as using a banned book for propaganda purposes—he could be shot.

The Large Soviet Encyclopaedia's allegations against American literature are ludicrous. As long as people are free to write and publish what they please there is bound to be some rubbish about; but the flow of serious, scholarly and sound books is tremendous. In 1951, in the USA, over 8,000 entirely new books were published. These included 1,389 new works of fiction, 882 new books for juveniles, 731 religious works, 722 on science, 639 biographies and 487 new works of poetry.

Completely False

I should not have thought that nearly 500 new poetry books or the vast sales of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible (between September 1952 and June 30, 1954, nearly three million copies were sold) were symptoms of decadence. And of over 250 million paper-back books sold in the USA in 1953, a high proportion were classics. Over 500,000 popular editions of Plato's Dialogues alone were sold in 1953.

Were the compilers of the Large Soviet Encyclopaedia unaware of these facts? The USSR has observers and embassies in the West and knows quite well that the picture drawn of literature there is completely false. But it seems to prefer to take the facts even in the most serious and authoritative Soviet works of reference.

A girl at large in a man's world WHERE ARE THOSE OXFORD ORGIES?

asks Sarah Rothschild—who is 20, eldest of the four daughters of the fourth Lord Rothschild. She is at St Hilda's, and is Woman's Editor of the university magazine Cherwell.

OXFORD is an exploded myth, a myth that the town is a hotbed of wine, women and song, and odd young men in leopardskin trousers.

The truth is less exciting. Gone are the days when undergraduates were brilliant and witty, not merely clever.

Gone are the days when undergraduates were wild and extravagant, instead of rich or "smart."

Gone, too, are the days when future Prime Ministers and writers dazzled the university with their conversation or were really eccentric... one kept a live python in his room.... another instead of taking his final exams, went to the dogs and won £5,000....

PALELY LOITERING

Now? The typical undergraduate can be seen, in the morning, early and unshaven, scribbling notes at a lecture; in the afternoon, flushed, sweating, dressed in shorts, doing a practice run; in the evening, swigging beer with his pals in a pub.

If he is eccentric he may be found alone and palely loitering with intent in any milk bar in town. He expects girls to give him everything "mummy" forgot to put in his trunk or glove box: toffees, scarves, gloves.... sometimes he expects creature comforts which will be more for his circulation than winter woollies.

What about the girls? It is a common belief that when an undergraduate sets foot on Paddington station after three years up at Oxford, her chase for a porter is the first time she has had to run after a man. According to this theory, Oxford women are either chased or chase.

Yet in spite of the notorious attitude which controls Oxford life—that there are six men to every one woman—few undergraduates take for granted their proverbial half-dozen.

FLEETING GLANCE

Ninety percent of undergraduates, I estimate, never see a man except for a fleeting glance at lectures. The other ten percent, girls of even average good looks or moderate intelligence, rule the roost. Be the ex-hockey captain in a converted gym tunic, or ex-

duce, of the fourth form in pith helmets, she stands a chance of success.

But it is difficult for her to avoid being seen in unglamorous situations: heavy-lidded eyes, slumped shoulders, ink-stained, drinking coffee at eleven; cooking crumpets in her digs at ten-time; dashing back to college in the evening to avoid being fined.

All mystery is gone. No wonder that so many undergraduates think that the women's colleges should be converted into domestic science schools.

RED PYJAMAS

Blue stockings are no myth. In spite of various crusades and campaigns, undergraduates still dress badly. And at this time of the year go completely berserk.

Undergraduates at parties seem to be suffering from one of two illusions: either that they are a Christmas cracker, or the fairy on top of the tree. In both cases their eyes shine like candles and their noses like beacons.

In my time at Oxford, parties have sometimes provided good stories. There has been a party where the host wore red satin pyjamas and sat in a bath strapping a plaster cast.... there has been a party where every one dressed up in garb suitable for the Napoleonic age.... there has been a pyjama party in aid of brighter breakfasts.

But there is an explanation for these mild eccentricities. At Oxford parties one always meets the same people, so something has to be done to break the monotony. Something often degenerates into anything.

TOO LAZY

Oxford today has the slightly bored atmosphere of a co-educational school run on the principle of give a mile, take an inch. It cannot live up to its reputation. The clever are afraid that all work and no play will make them "dull boys."

The non-workers are too lazy to make Oxford unacademically worth while. The result is the tiny tragedies and triumphs of the term: the same inane and mountainous molehills.

We grouse and grumble, we pack our suitcases to leave; we say that Oxford has had its day, that it is a waste of time—why do we stay?

In spite of it all, Oxford has something unusual, something indispensable. I have two more years to go. Surprisingly enough, I'm still looking forward to them.

BRITISH GUIANA URANIUM RICH

By Paul Johnson

Georgetown, British Guiana, THIS little-known British colony (89,000 sq. miles) probably has a future as one of the West's most vital possessions.

For it has uranium—plenty of it.

While primitive Indians in remote parts of the colony live as they have for centuries, hunting, fishing, growing their simple crops, elsewhere Guiana is awakening to its new world importance for its strategic metals mean power.

Already from its vast mines come manganese, gold, diamonds, bauxite, mica, columbite—and uranium.

And this week a geological conference announced big plans were on the way for the further development of the mines. Behind the talks were big-name United States geologists who had come along to study the colony's possibilities.

The talks followed a United Kingdom decision to make an 80,000 square mile tooth-comb

search of the colony for strategic metals. That meant almost the whole area. Listening in were Dr W.D. Johnson, chief of the United States' foreign branch of geological surveys, John Flude, president of the U.S. off-shore exploration group of geophysicists; Dr Wilson Michel, senior geologist for the U.S. Reynolds Metal Company; Alfred Wendker, of the U.S. Steel Corporation, and Professor G.A. Bourbeau, of Maryland University.

There was no hiding the fact that the United States was really interested. For earlier, Senator George Malone, chairman of the Minerals, Materials and Fuels Sub-Committee of the U.S. Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, had stopped in Georgetown for talks after studying strategic minerals possibilities in "metal-rich Venezuela."

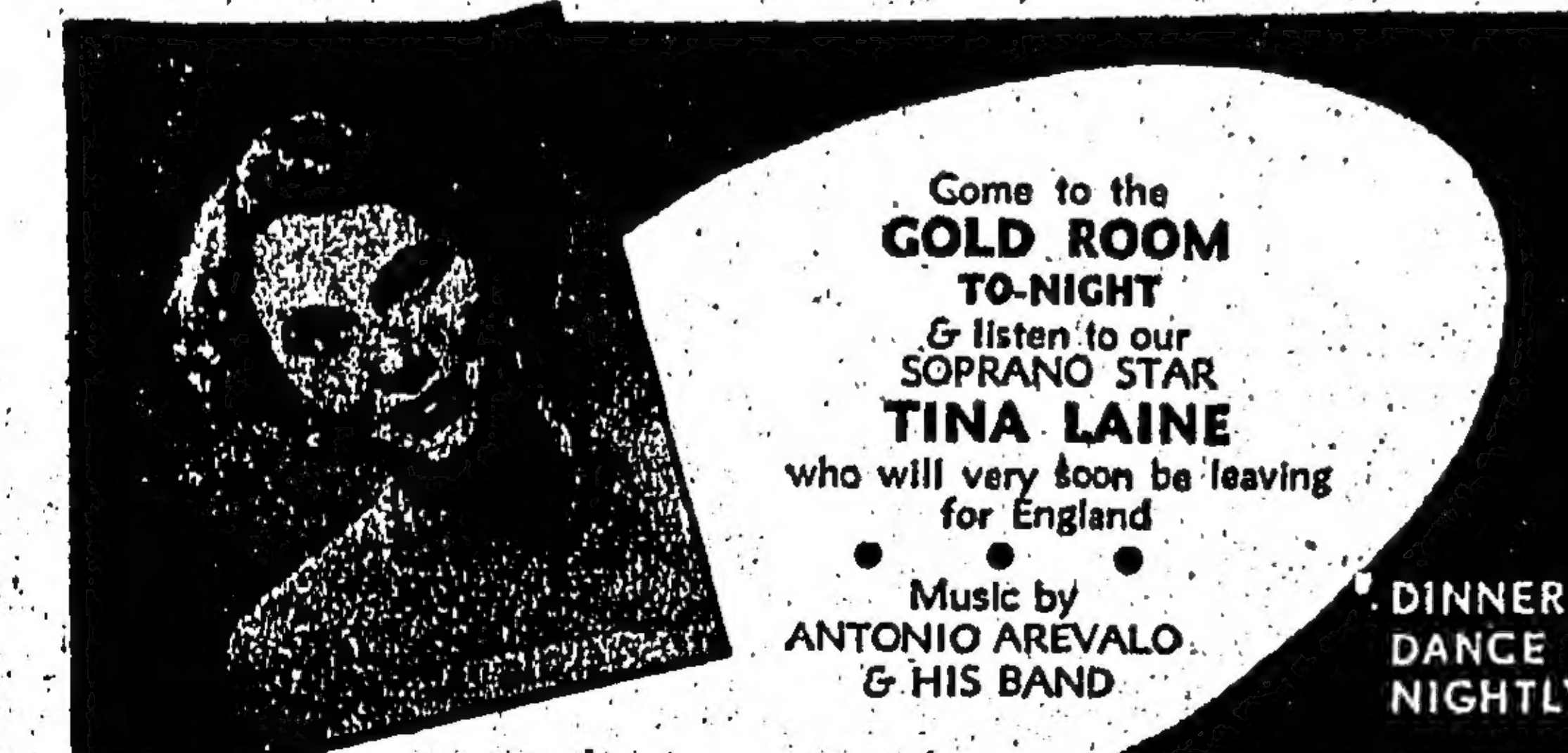
Said Malone: "There are tremendous prospects for the United States to develop strategic minerals in the Guianas and Venezuela."

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

For Afternoon In Spring



"Nereide", an afternoon dress in smart cotton print for Spring, by Henry a la Pensee. Both the collar and sleeves are in white, the hat is of beige straw. — Agence France-Presse.

Student Designers Have The Midas Touch

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. If you want to find a cross-section of the world in London, try the fashion department of a big art school.

Don't let this surprise you — even though London has not always been considered an international fashion centre. These days there's nothing more cosmopolitan than the St Martin's School of Art. In its tall white stone building, towering above its neighbours, there are students from all over the world. To mention a few, there are Italian, French, South African, Chinese and Egyptian. Appropriately, the school is in the heart of Soho — the city's cosmopolitan corner where theatres and foreign restaurants are packed against each other.

Cosmopolitan show

The foreign and the English students joined recently and put on a dress show to mark their college centenary. With dresses by students from more than a dozen countries, the display recalled a league of nations in miniature.

Fashions were chosen from designs made in class by the students and were modelled by the students themselves, helped by two of London's "top" models. And the show was given a touch of the "real thing." Among the spectators were photographers, fashion writers from the glossy magazines and some of the established top ten designers.

One outfit was by a second-year Chinese student, Kim Wong, who plans to go into the wholesale business at home when he has finished his London training. His contribution was a pair of mink-trimmed pants with a matching cape made from embossed cotton. He gave the cape an unusual air by cutting it in two tiers and piping each tier with black braid. The pants, in true mink-style, were tight-fitting and finished just below the knee.

Table cloth, dusters

Students of this college are encouraged to bring the Midas touch to ordinary things... to take a couple of table cloths or a handful of dusters, for instance, and flick them into a dress.

One evening dress in the show was indeed made from two

white table cloths, and for this a simple tunic-topped, full-skirted style was chosen. A red rose pattern, machine-embroidered on the skirt, gave the luxury touch.

In the same way, an everyday dress was made from ten dusters. Its main features — a long body line with skirt fullness springing from a band at mid-hip level — showed that these students know their Dior. The head of the department assured the audience that "anyone could make it" — but possibly only a student could wear it.

For beach wear over shorts or swimsuits, they took the artist's smock, chopped off the bottom, removed the sleeves and made it up in rainbow colours. For evening dresses, they chose cheap cotton and used it lavishly for floor-grazing styles with immensely full skirts.

When it came to jewellery there were no money problems at all. Necklaces were made from twisted plastic wire and multi-coloured chicken rings.

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Delightful Cotton Dress



One of Henry a la Pensee's ready to wear series for Spring, this dress is made of light cotton. The flounces at the lower part of the dress show up vivid tones of red and grey. — Agence France-Presse.

Psychiatric studies reveal an interesting personality pattern of mothers who have

SCHIZOPHRENIC CHILDREN

Berkeley, Calif. Mothers who worry about "what people think" and try to raise "the perfect child" often end up with schizophrenic offspring.

So say two staff members of the Langley Porter psychiatric clinic at University of California after a study of parents whose "split personality" children are hospitalized.

Dr A. Rodney Prestwood and Mrs Shirley Kahn said psychiatric studies of the mothers showed these personality characteristics:

"They appeared controlling, demanding in a subtle way which seemed to forestall open rebellion of the child.

"They were more dependent than the average on the opinion and approval of others.

"They were desirous of the 'perfect child.'

"They were dominant in the home as compared with a passive husband.

"And they expressed attitudes toward sex which ranged from 'rejection to tolerance.'

Dr Prestwood and Mrs Kahn said other common characteristics were apparent in the group they studied. They said irrespec-

tive of the number of children in the family the parents "often singled out the schizophrenic child as 'different'."

"The parents often anticipated inadequacy in the child, and the irrational fears were frequently confirmed as the child responded to the parental anxiety," the report said.

"Each parent had an intense feeling about the 'rightness' of his own values. These values were consistently distortions of what was generally acceptable, yet none of the parents was aware that the

limits he set for his child were so much more exacting than those of the community at large.

"These parents directed the child toward unrealistic goals, and both parent and child were frustrated at the discrepancy between the fantasied child and the real child."

Dr Prestwood and Mrs Kahn said "over-protectiveness" was consistently present in both fathers and mothers of schizophrenic children.

"All the mothers felt a strong need to be 'perfect' mothers, and went to such extremes as abandoning social life in order to be at home whenever the child wanted them," the psychiatrists reported. — United Press.

Anne Edwards and Drusilla Beyfus introduce MADMOISELLE ENGLAND—THE TREND GIRL OF 1955

London. It is our bet that, however the politicians may monkey around with British prestige abroad, the English model girls are going to give it a mighty boost.

NEW EXPORTS

It is our bet for 1955 that our English Home Grown beauties will take their place alongside the other famous English exports, marmalade and whisky, cashmere and cutlery.



Two pictures of Ann the Trend Girl. Note the cut of her fringe, the straight coat.

English-looking girl, as slender as a gazelle, narrow and graceful. She is pink and white, and naturally fair-haired with huge blue shining eyes. She's got a huge smile.

"I decided to go to Paris," she said, "because I wasn't making much headway here. I'd been around the model business for two years."

The day before I left for Paris I sent a little photograph of myself to French Vogue. Five minutes after I arrived in Paris I was in their studio to see if they had any work for me, and I started work there within 10 minutes of arriving.

"Then I put my prices up from three to five guineas an hour. I waited more free time to learn French because the struggle of working so hard and not being able to explain anything to anyone was getting me down.

"One of the big differences of working as a model in France is that it is not socially acceptable there. Here modelling is a smart thing to do. But there, if you say you are a mannequin people's faces freeze."

HER ONE ANSWER

We put the question to Gaila, one of the celebrated fashion photographers of Paris. "Unlike the French and American model girls, the English girls are always fresh, fit and ready for work in the morning. And they are the only models I ever met who arrive on the dot of nine."

"The English girls have come with a bang, never come without the right equipment for photography, and the right make-up."

It's Good

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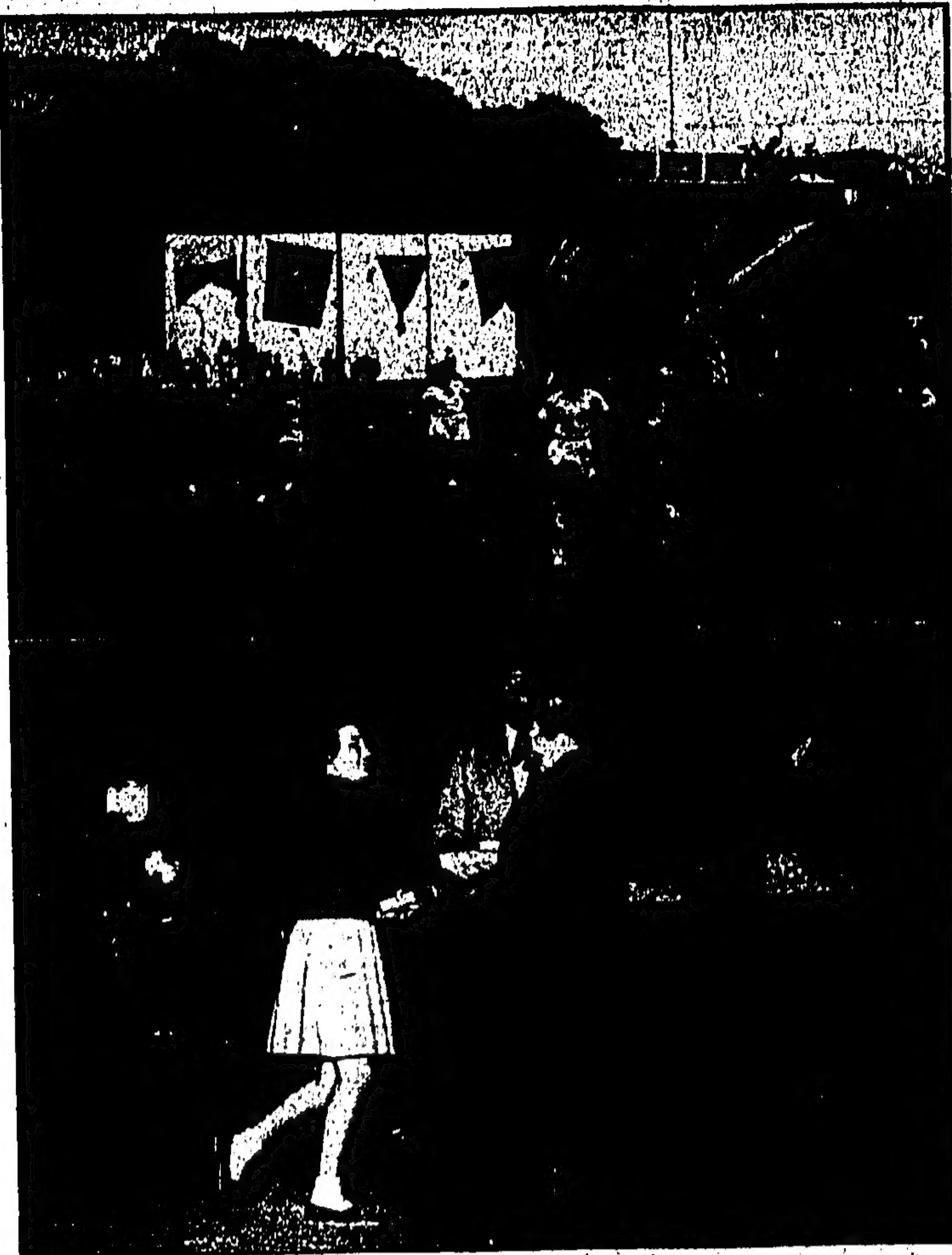
WHITEAWAYS BROADWAY & CANNON

Women Have Rosier Outlook On Marriage

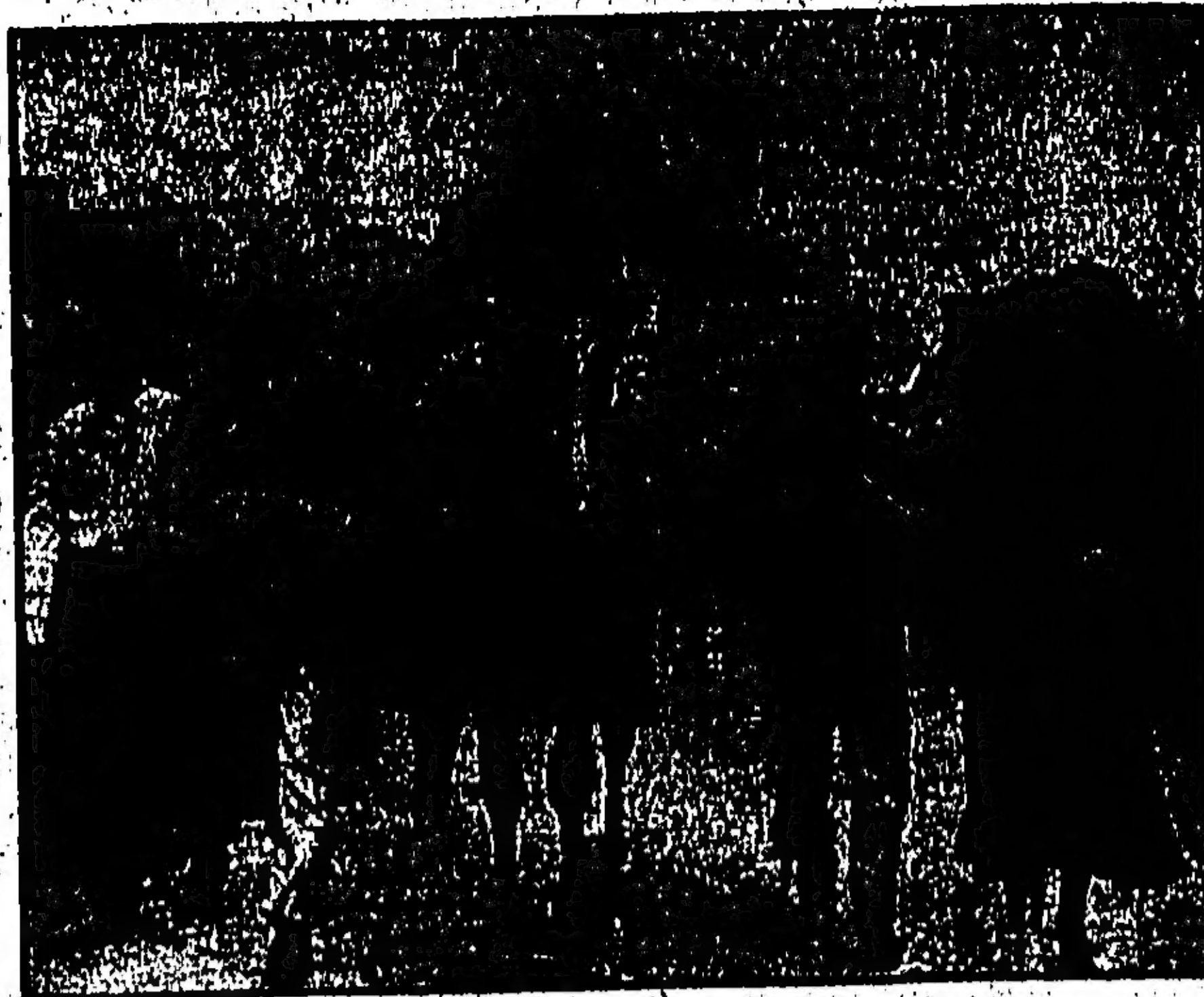
New York. Women have a rosier outlook than men on marriage.

So reports a New York market research firm, which asked 1,200 men and women to give the first word which came to their mind at the mention of marriage. The researchers said words indicating a happy attitude — such as "wedding," "children," "love," and "happiness" — were mentioned more frequently by women.

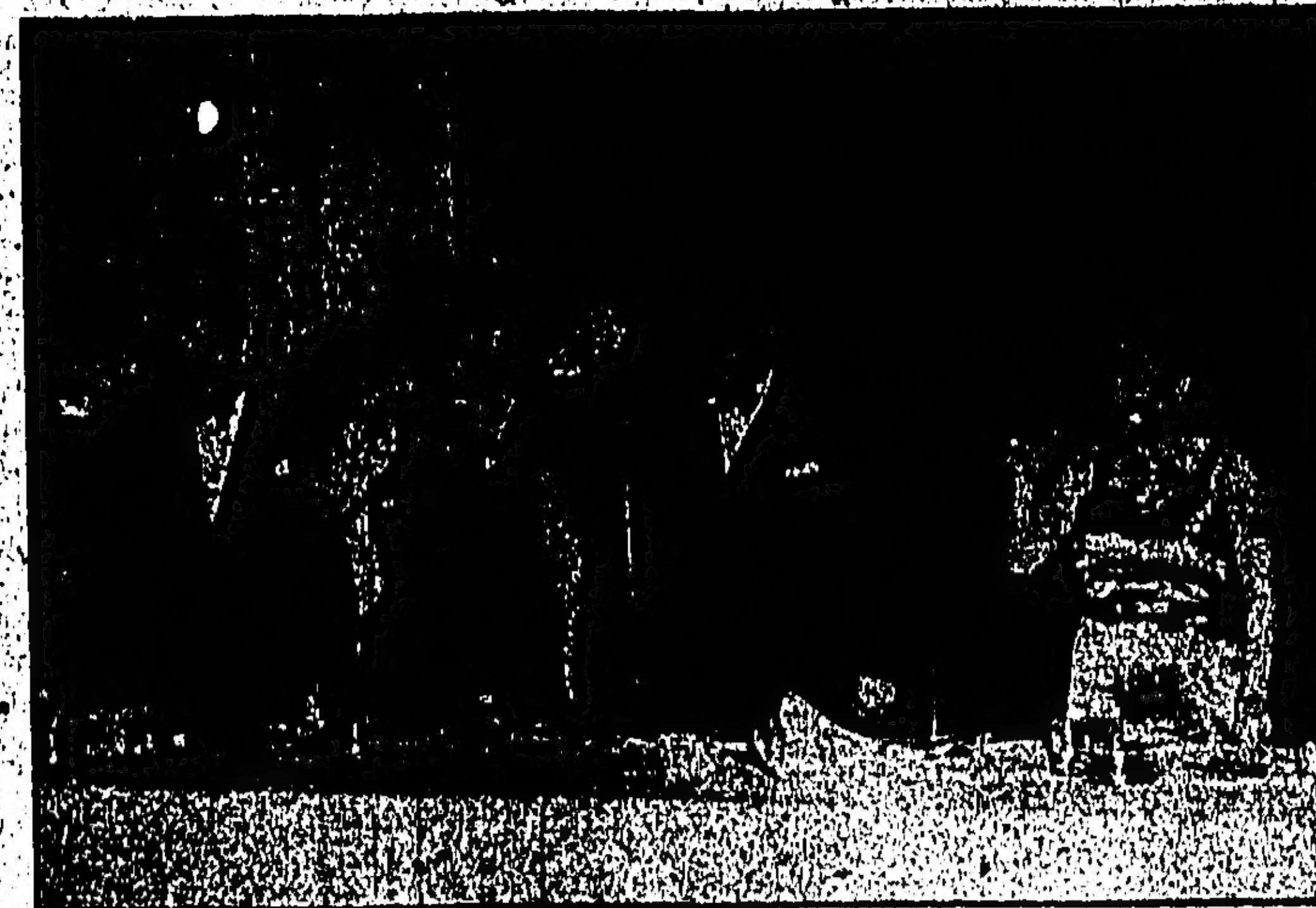
"The men," the research firm said, "thought of such terms as divorce." — United Press.



SEVERAL hundred children took part in the Kowloon Cricket Club's annual children's sports on New Year's Day. Top picture shows one of the girls' events. Lady Grantham, who was present with His Excellency the Governor, is seen presenting prizes in the lower photo. (Staff Photographer)

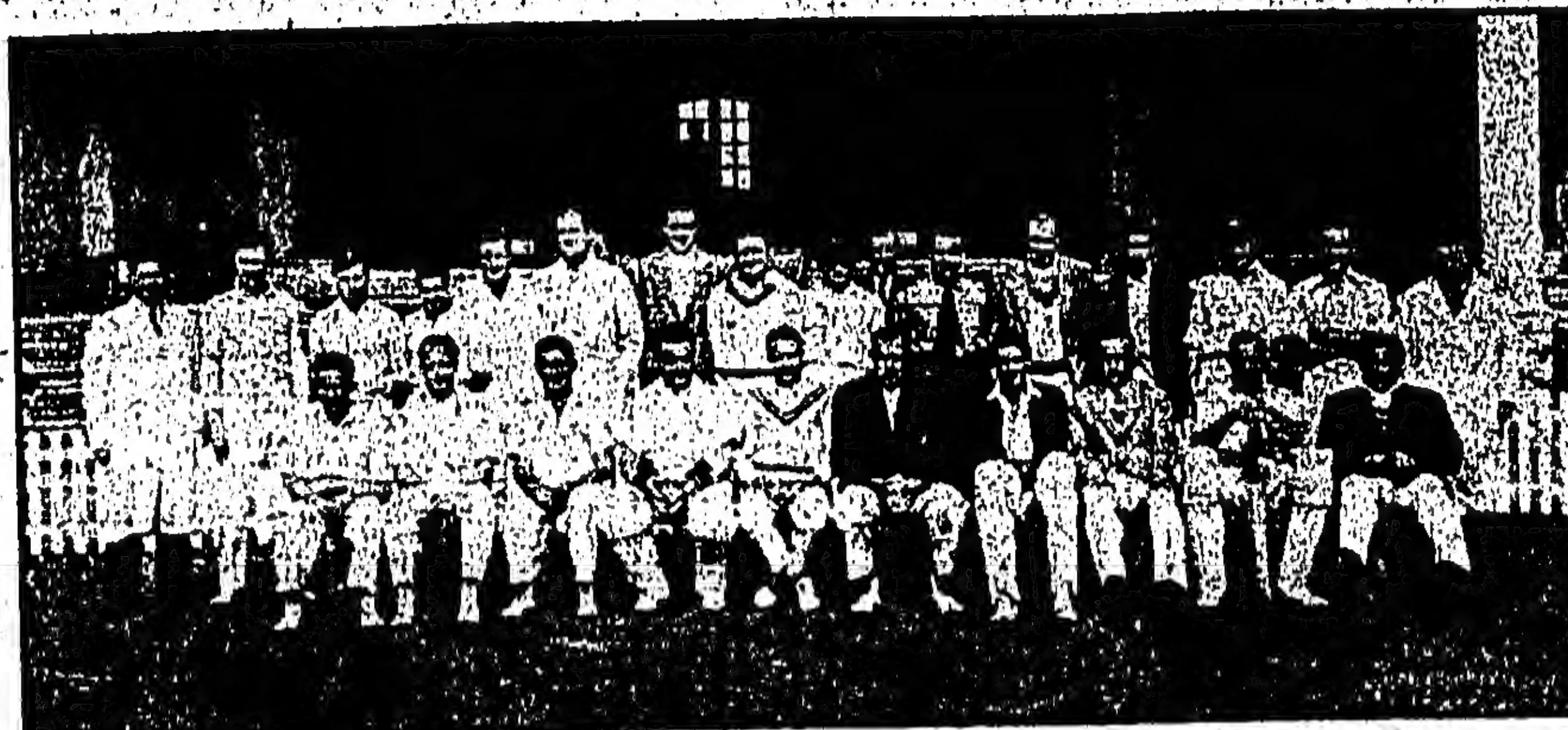


MR J. F. Macgregor, owner of Strathian, and Mrs. Macgregor leading the pony in after it had won the Stewards' Cup on New Year's Day at Happy Valley. Mr. Peter Plumbly is the successful jockey. (Staff Photographer)



A toast being honoured at the first annual dinner dance of the Society of Lancastrians in Hong Kong. The President, Mr. J. Jolly, is second from right. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Hongkong Cricket Club and the Combined RN-RAF eleven's who met during the New Year holiday. Club won by a comfortable margin. (Staff Photographer)

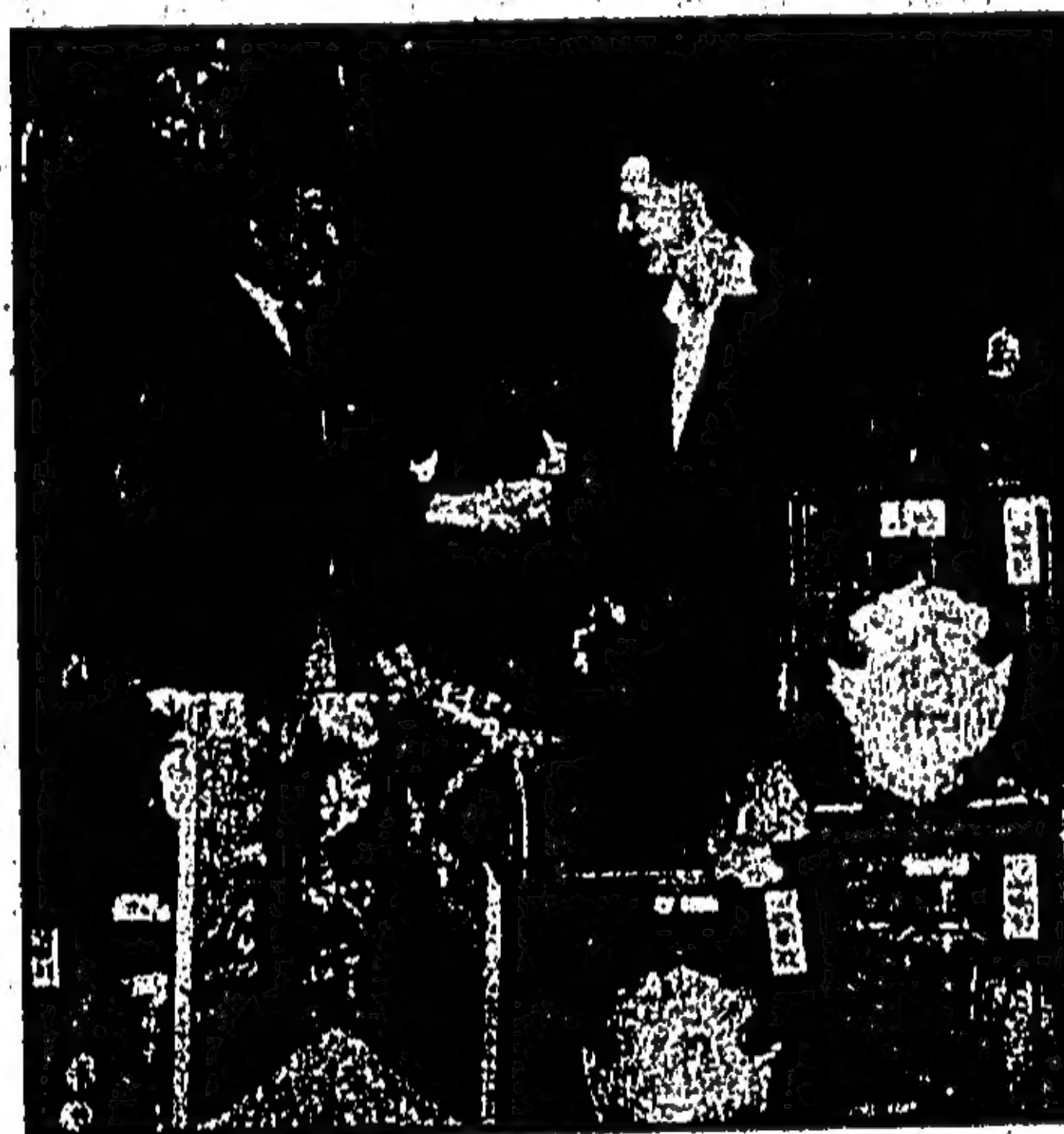


BELOW: Footballers of HMS Birmingham and the HKRNVR who played a friendly game last Sunday. Birmingham's side won. (Staff Photographer)

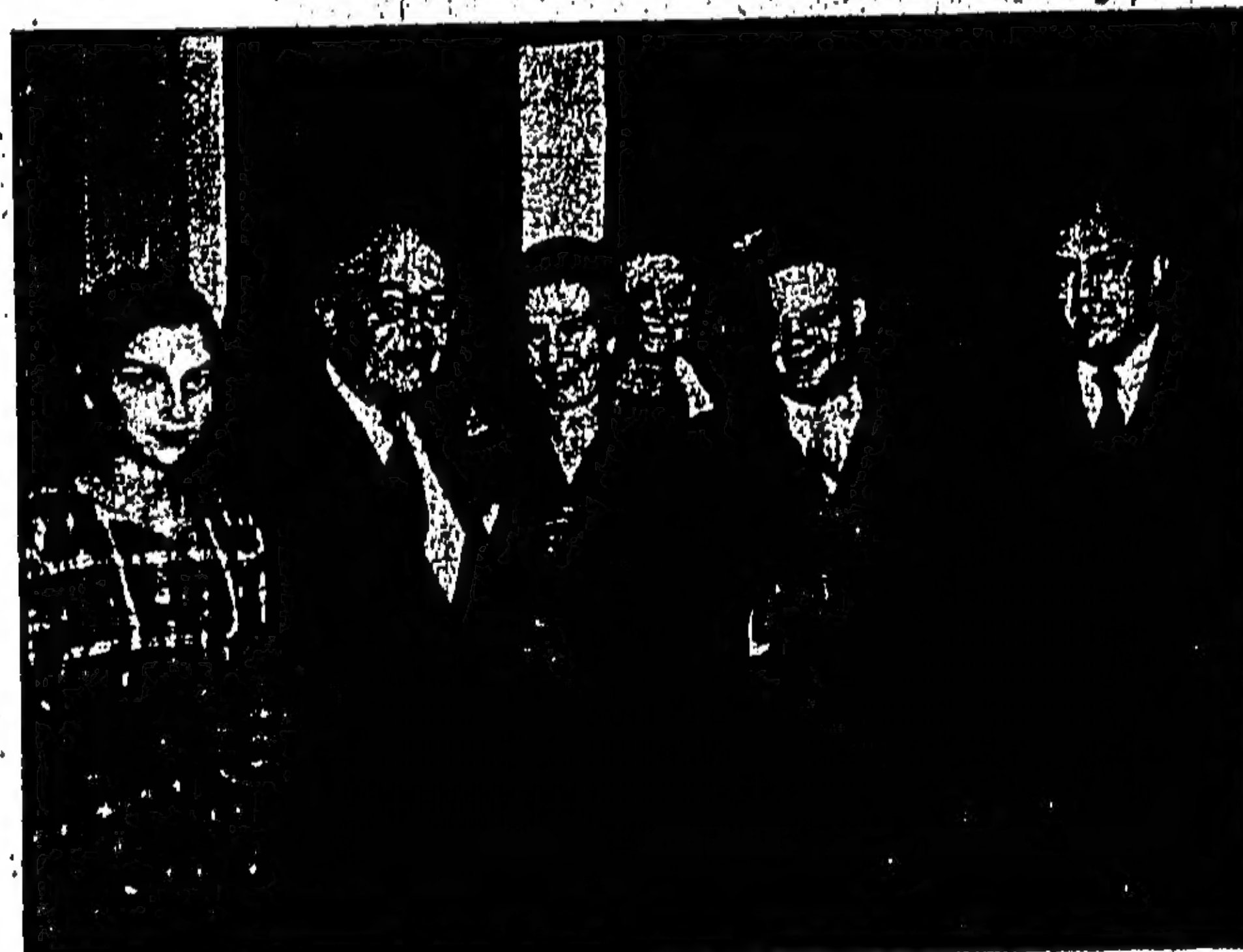


FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs G. R. S. Cannon at the christening of their daughters, Lindsay Jane and Anita Frances, at St Andrew's Church on Boxing Day. Mr Cannon is Senior Signals Officer of the Department of Civil Aviation. (Mainland)

RIGHT: Gerry Norman (on the left), who won the International Harriers Road Race on New Year's Day, being congratulated by A. L. Smith, who came second. (Staff Photographer)

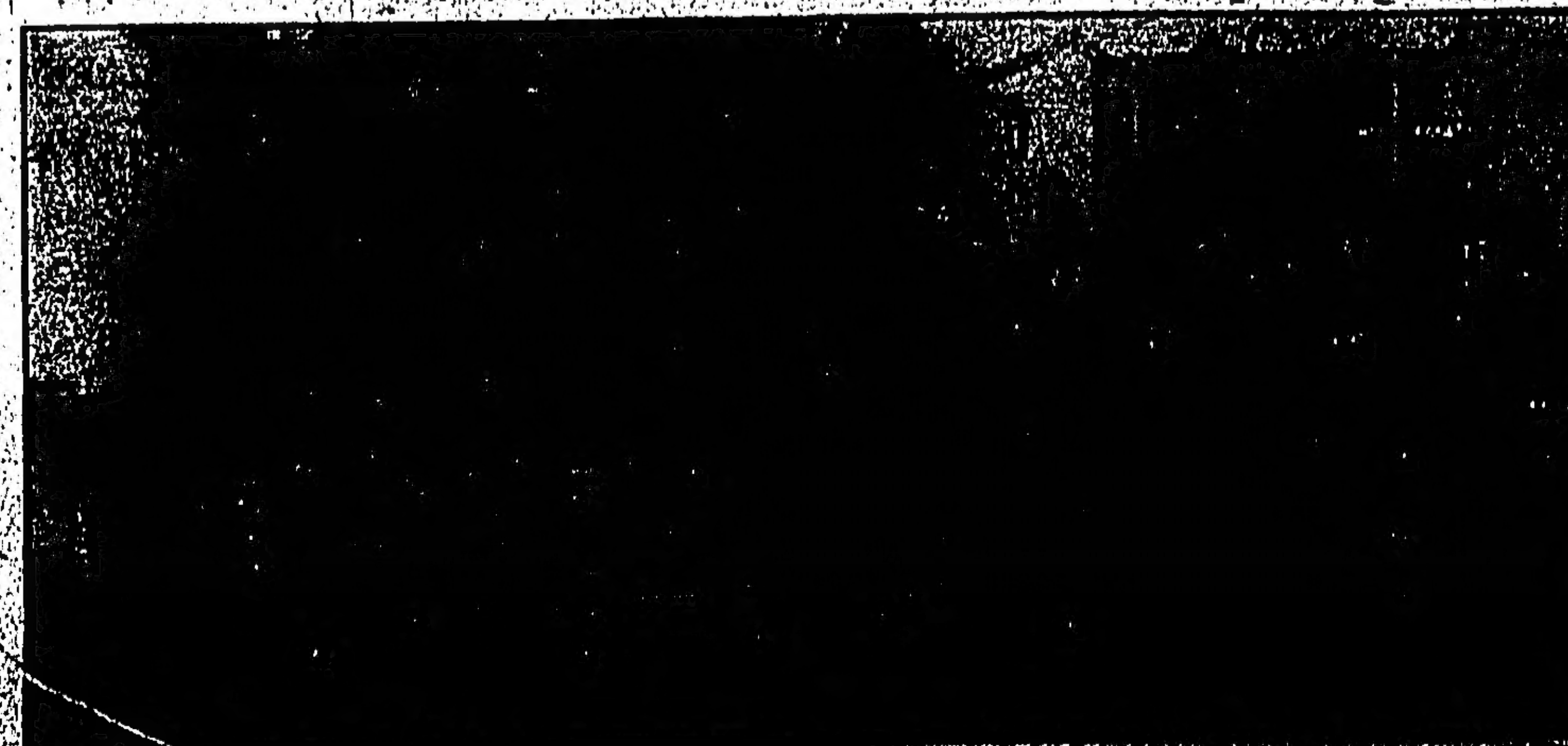


NEW Year's Day wedding at St Andrew's Church, Kowloon. The bride was Miss Mae Goodwin and the bridegroom Mr Paul Byncroft III. (Staff Photographer)



SNAPPED at the cocktail party given by Mr and Mrs H. O. Odell to introduce Julius Katchen, the young pianist. From left: Miss Josephine Gould, Mr Odell, Mrs Gould, Mr Katchen and the Acting Chief Justice, Mr Justice T. J. Gould. Mr Katchen is giving his farewell concert tomorrow evening. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group picture taken at a farewell party given by the Amateur Sports Federation and Olympic Committee of Hong Kong in honour of their former Chairman, Mr Jack Skinner, who is leaving on retirement. Mr Skinner is seated fourth from left. Fifth from left is the Hon. Kwok Chan, President of the body. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Rev. Fr M. Mansfield distributing gifts during a party for West Point children given at Ricci Hall by the Hongkong University Social Service Group. (Staff Photographer)

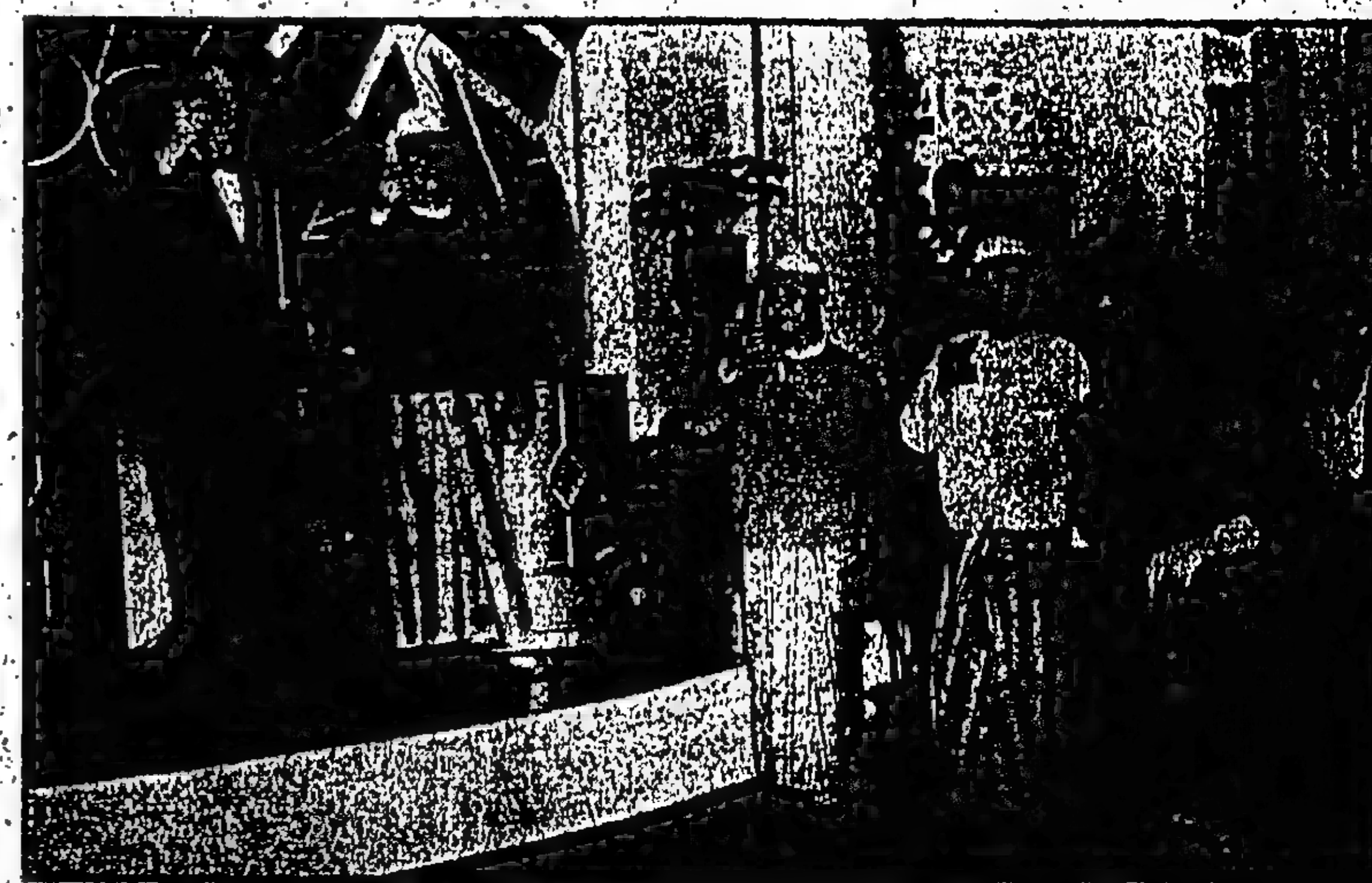


AT the opening of the Castle Peak Buddhist School on Tuesday by Mr B. D. Wilson (extreme right), District Officer, Pingshan, who is seen addressing the gathering during the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

MAKING his annual trip to the Far East, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York, arrived in Hongkong last Sunday and spent three days here. He took great interest in social problems here and visited a number of charitable institutions and squatter areas. Above he is seen at a Choungshawan shanty town; right, at the Ruttonjee Sanatorium. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss Dorothy Lee, Mr K. Keen, Social Welfare Officer, Mr C. L. Fang and Mr J. V. Docherty, Far East director of CARE, stand in front of some of the 10,000 food gift parcels for Hongkong's needy which were unloaded from the ship, Elizabeth Bakke, last week-end. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at the Burma National Day reception at the Repulse Bay Hotel. With... two Governors on the day: Mr C. P. Tan, Burmese Consul. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner given by the Hongkong Mental Health Association for Dr F. Fremont Smith and Dr John R. Roes, President and Director of the World Federation of Mental Health. From left: Mr S. S. Chou, Miss K. Y. Chen, Dr F. M. Yap, Dr Smith, Dr Irene Ho, Cheng and Dr Roes. Dr Yap is Chairman of the HK Association. (Staff Photographer)

PICTURE taken at the Ritz at the 44th reunion dinner dance of the F. F. Fraternity, Hongkong Lodge. Seated in centre is Mr William Choy, Chairman of the Lodge, flanked by Mr Kenneth Chun, Chairman of the reunion, and Mr Jack Y. H. Yuen, Past Lodge Chairman.

BELOW: Hongkong's chief delegate to the first conference of ECAFE's Sub-Committee on Trade, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, was elected Chairman of the conference when it opened at the Grantham Training College on Thursday. Dr Chau (third from left) addressing the meeting. (Staff Photographer)



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How To Avoid Cold War Between Mother And Baby Over Food

Feeding The Baby Well And Properly

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

ONE of the most fundamental medical questions is—what, when, and how to feed the baby. In this are involved two of the most significant phases of good health—nutrition and mental health.

A well-fed baby gets a good start in life, physically. A poorly fed baby gets a poor start in life, emotionally. These two phases have sometimes been at war, one or the other has been overemphasized or, to the contrary, neglected. They are quite compatible.

Young mothers today are unfamiliar with the basic concepts of successful infant feeding, but not all are willing to accept them. Take breast-feeding, for example. It is far less popular than it deserves to be. To be guilty for a moment of extending the obvious; mother's milk is the ideal baby food for human babies. Cow's milk for cow babies. Nursing the baby involves holding him, except in the rare instances where "bank" milk is used, and this gives the baby the much needed sense of love, protection and emotional security. In the rare case of complete inability to nurse a baby, the direct services of a wet nurse are preferable to "bank" milk or formula, because of the intimate contact of "mother" and child.

Baby and New Foods

Of course, I know that the modern milk formula, based on cows' milk, is a marvelous achievement of the pediatric scientists, and that the old differential in mortality and morbidity in favour of the breast-fed baby has virtually been wiped out. This is fortunate, under modern conditions and viewpoints. In the rare case of a mother's inability to nurse, the direct services of a wet nurse are preferable to "bank" milk or formula, because of the intimate contact of "mother" and child.

If it were not for the expertness of the formula-mixers, and the constantly earlier use of the feeding of the baby would be a difficult matter indeed. Nutritionally, there is little to be taught the modern young mother who keeps her baby close to his doctor. But emotionally, this very progress breeds difficulties.

Baby is supposed to accustom himself early to new ideas, new flavours and new textures. Here the baby food industry steps into the picture with many wonderful boxes and conveniences in packaged fruits, juices, vegetables, meats, soups and soup mixtures, besides cereals, which save the mother hours of time and offer the baby, a smoother diet—both physically and aesthetically. Yet despite all this, babies fight new foods. Or perhaps I had better say, they fight the methods by which better foods are thrust upon, not to say down, them. We speak of "offering" the baby a

new food. Too often it is offered on a teaspoon, at the point of a psychological gun. The resulting rebellion is not so much against the food, as against the parent.

Strategy

If baby and mama are not going to fight a cold war with hot episodes over food, this is the time for finesse, and above all, for strategic retreats. Offer the baby a taste, he doesn't like it. What to do? Put on a stern expression, heap the spoon up again, and return to the attack (yes, I mean attack). No, no, NO! Gracefully retire to prepared positions—some food the baby likes and takes without conflict. Next day, casually—

but casually—try the rejected food again. Repeat as often as necessary, as nonchalantly as possible. There is no food so vital (minimal) that catastrophe will result if a day, or a week, is lost introducing it into baby's diet. In fact, if he never takes it, there are always substitute foods or combinations that will round out the diet equally well. In a pinch, baby can even be raised without milk.

A head-on collision between mother and baby may result in an immediate triumph for the bigger and stronger antagonist or it may not. Yet it is an empty victory for either, since it may be the basis for resentments and tensions which do far more damage than any one food substance is worth.

Vegetable Dinners Can Be Satisfying

By Ida Bailey Allen

"MANY people say they do not feel satisfied," Madame, when they eat a vegetable dinner," said the Chef. "Why is this? They certainly get plenty of bulky food to fill the stomach."

"Bulk isn't enough, Chef. And if the vegetables are dressed in the cooking by old-fashioned boiling methods, the body, in its instinctive need for vitamins and minerals, registers 'hunger' no matter how full the stomach may be."

"There's another common cause for dissatisfaction, too. 'Vegetables, whether fresh or the dried legumes (excepting soy beans), contain incomplete proteins. However, these incomplete proteins can be supplemented or made efficient for use by the body, by adding a generous amount of one or more animal proteins. These include milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat or poultry. Any of these foods can be combined with the vegetable dish, or served separately."

"This is the basis of all satisfying vegetable meals. The following menu, in which corn croquettes are used, is an example."

DINNER

Cream of Cheese and Onion Soup
Choice of Ham Croquettes
or Corn Croquettes
Buttered Dried Lima Beans
Stewed Tomatoes
Cold Slaw with Green Peppers
Custard Pie
Coffee Tea Milk
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

The corn croquettes and buttered dried lima beans suggested in the main course furnish incomplete proteins. But these will be supplemented, and the meal given the right protein balance, by using the cream of cheese and onion soup, and custard pie, which furnish two animal proteins—milk and cheese.

No matter what position the animal proteins occupy in the meal, they balance the incomplete proteins of the vegetables.

Cream of Cheese and Onion Soup: Combine 1 1/2 c. finely-chopped onion, 1 1/2 c. water, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. salt and 1/4 tsp. sugar. Simmer 20 min.

Meanwhile, heat 3 c. whole milk; add 1/2 c. grated sharp American cheese mixed with 2 tbs. flour and 2 tbs. butter or margarine. Cook and stir occasionally over a low heat, until the cheese melts.

Add onion and liquid. Pour onto 2 beaten egg yolks; stir 1 min. over a low heat. Garnish with minced parsley.

Corn Croquettes: Mash the contents of 1 (No. 2) tin corn kernels. Add 1 c. fine enriched bread crumbs, 1/2 c. chopped nutmeats, any kind, (or use peanuts), 2 tsp. enriched flour, 1 beaten egg, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1/4 tsp. monosodium glutamate. Let stand 10 min. Form into balls containing 1 tbs. each. Roll in flour, then in an egg white beaten with 2 tbs. water. Coat with fine dry bread crumbs.

Fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a 1/4" cube of bread in 1 min. 300° F. Drain on paper towels.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Season cream of cheese and onion soup with a dash of nutmeg.

By Joan O'Sullivan

LONG, low lines aren't the only characteristics of a ranch home. This particular style of architecture also goes in for open planning, large glass areas that blend indoors and out, and a minimum of stair climbing.

A Comfortable House

The Gaylord is a large, comfortable house with wide, sheltering eaves and windows that overlook a terrace bordered with flowering shrubs.

Enter the front door, and you step into a good-sized central foyer that flows into the living room and leads to other areas of the home.

Homemakers will be enchanted by the living room, with its picture-window wall, terrace entrance, huge fireplace and, best of all, an entire wall of unbroken space that makes arranging furniture a delight.

From the living room, it's but a step into the dining area. Here again, there's a window wall and a terrace entrance. Both make dining pleasant all year round. In warm weather, it's easy enough to serve light meals outdoors on the terrace.

A Coffee Room

Nearby is the kitchen and, next to it, as an added bonus, there's a small coffee room which is bound to be the scene of informal snacks and cozy family breakfasts. The advantages of two dining areas are many, especially if the family is large. The coffee room might well be used by the children when they entertain, while the dining room can be reserved for more formal grown-up dinners.

Accessible from the kitchen, the coffee room also opens on the foyer. To the left of the foyer, a hallway leads to the sleeping quarters, three bedrooms and two baths. The master bedroom has a private shower and a huge wardrobe room.

If further bedrooms are required, the attic has space for two extra rooms, and a bath.

The Gaylord comprises 1,789 square feet.

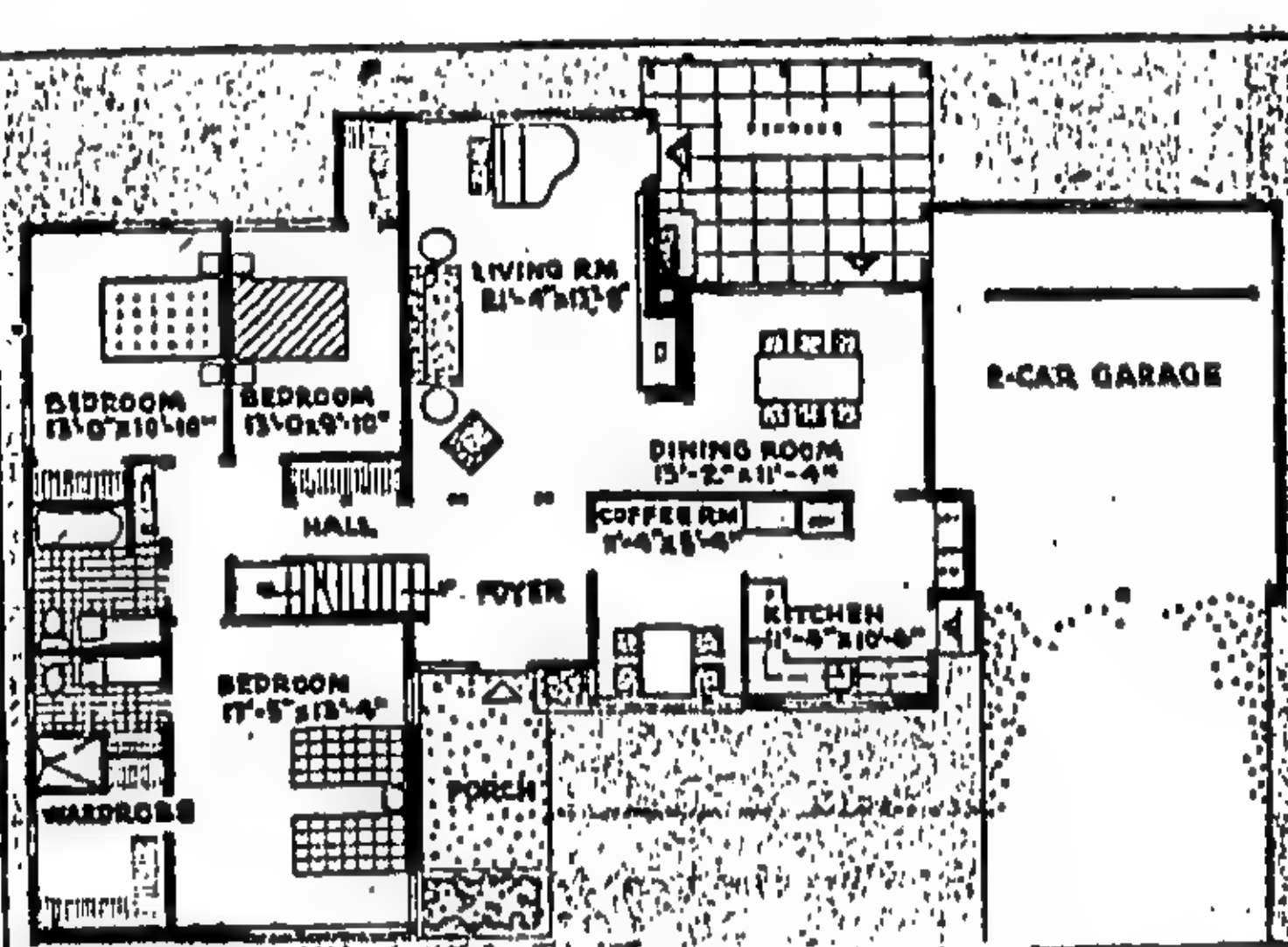
A Smaller House

The Kingston is a smaller house, but open planning creates a feeling of spaciousness.

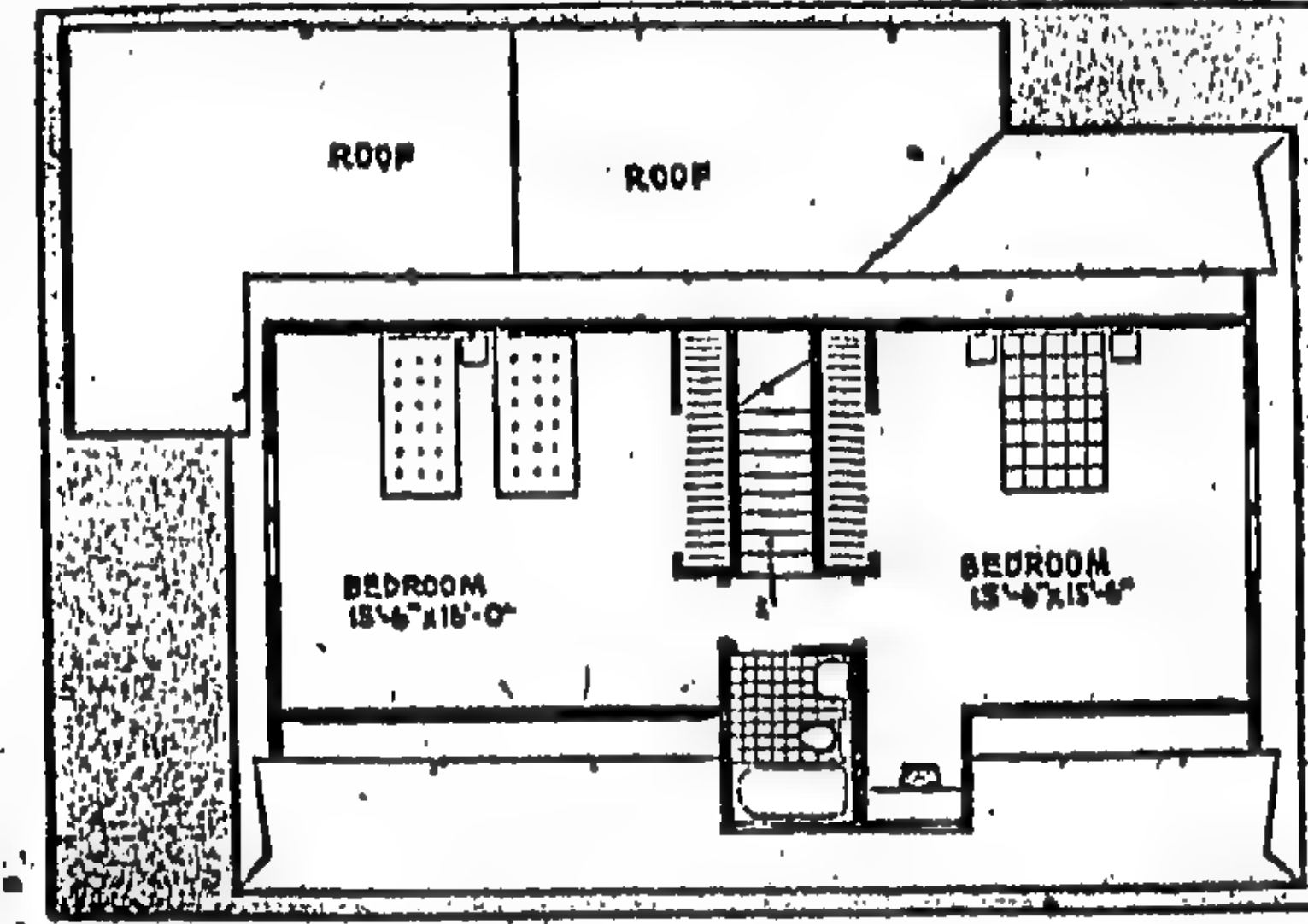
Living room, dining room and kitchen run into each other in such a way that no



THERE'S SOMETHING HOMEY about the Gaylord, a rambling ranch style with wide sheltering eaves that contribute to its low look. Two picture windows—one in the master bedroom, the other in the coffee room—make this charming home attractive indoors and out.



THE LIVING ROOM is placed for privacy and convenience at the back of the house, with doorways to dining room and outdoor terrace.



UPSTAIRS BEDROOMS are directly over the downstairs sleeping quarters. The windows in the bedroom, left, look out on back yard.

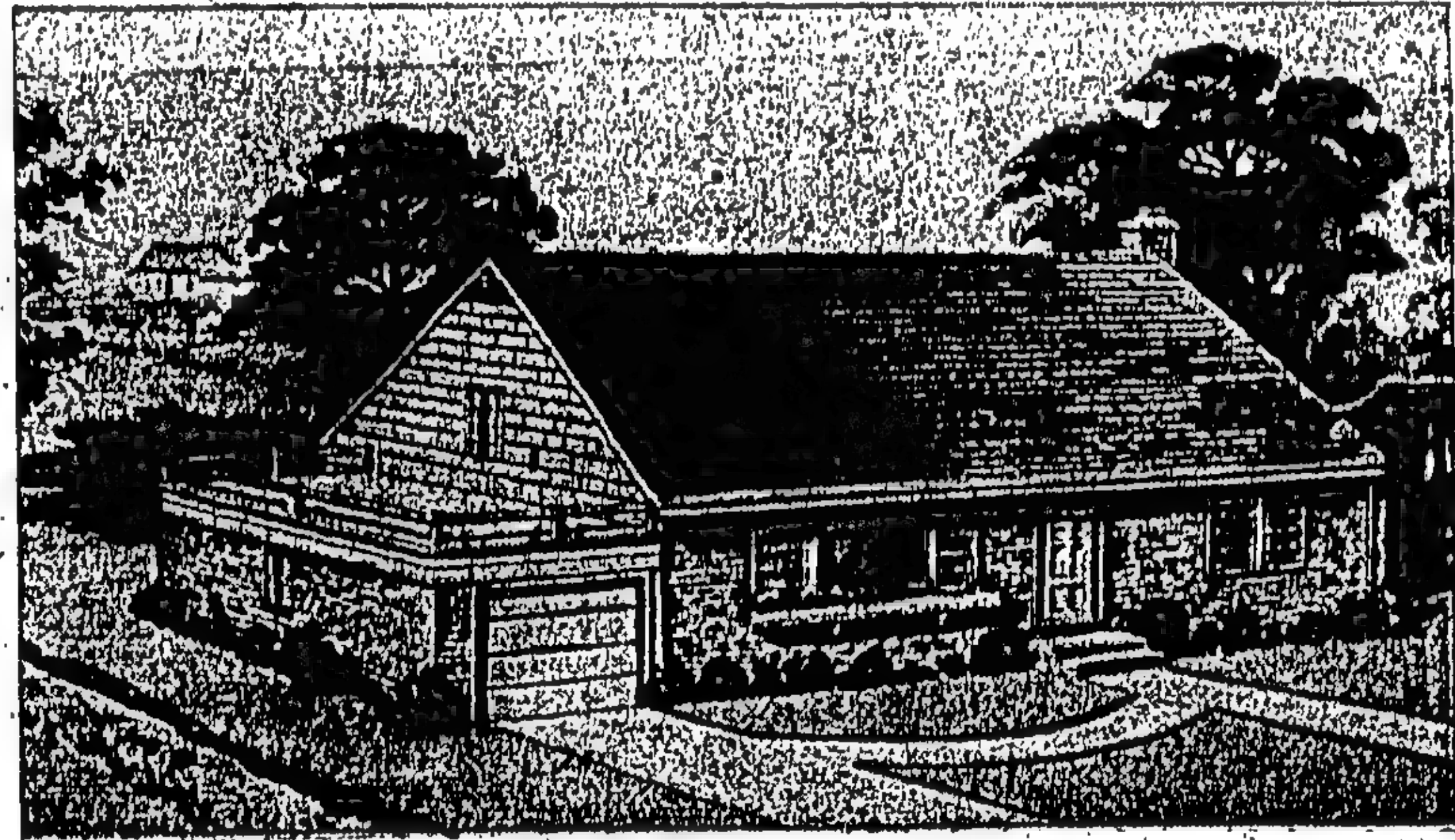
single area seems small or hemmed in.

From the entry, you step into the living room, with its picture window interest. At the back of the room, one entry leads into the dining area, another to the kitchen, which also can be reached directly from the dining room. All are comfortable, cozy, well-planned rooms.

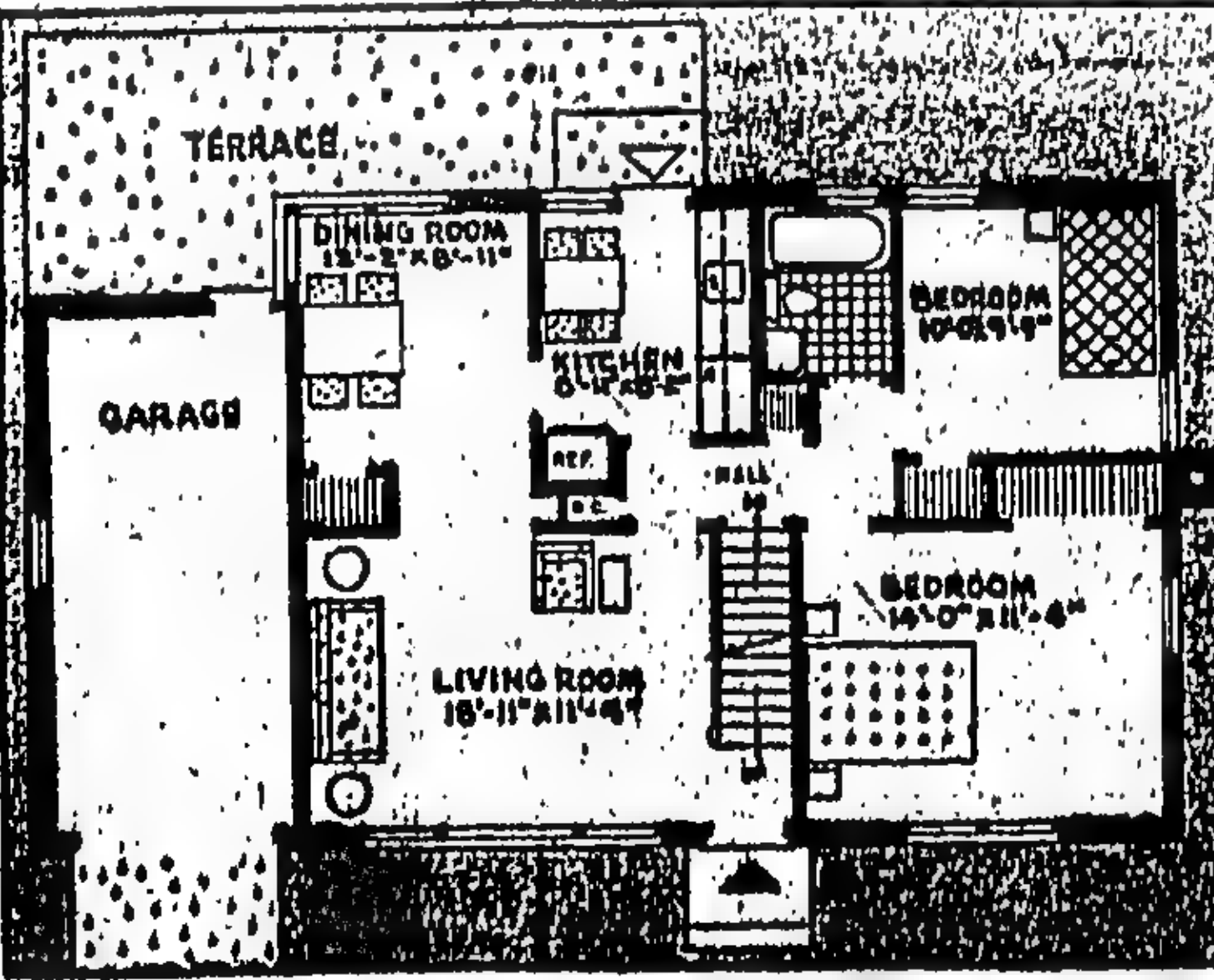
A Separate Apartment

To the right of the kitchen, a hallway leads to sleeping quarters, two bedrooms and a bath. Additional bedrooms can be added on the first floor. Since the first floor stairway is directly inside the entry, this space might also be turned into an entirely separate apartment.

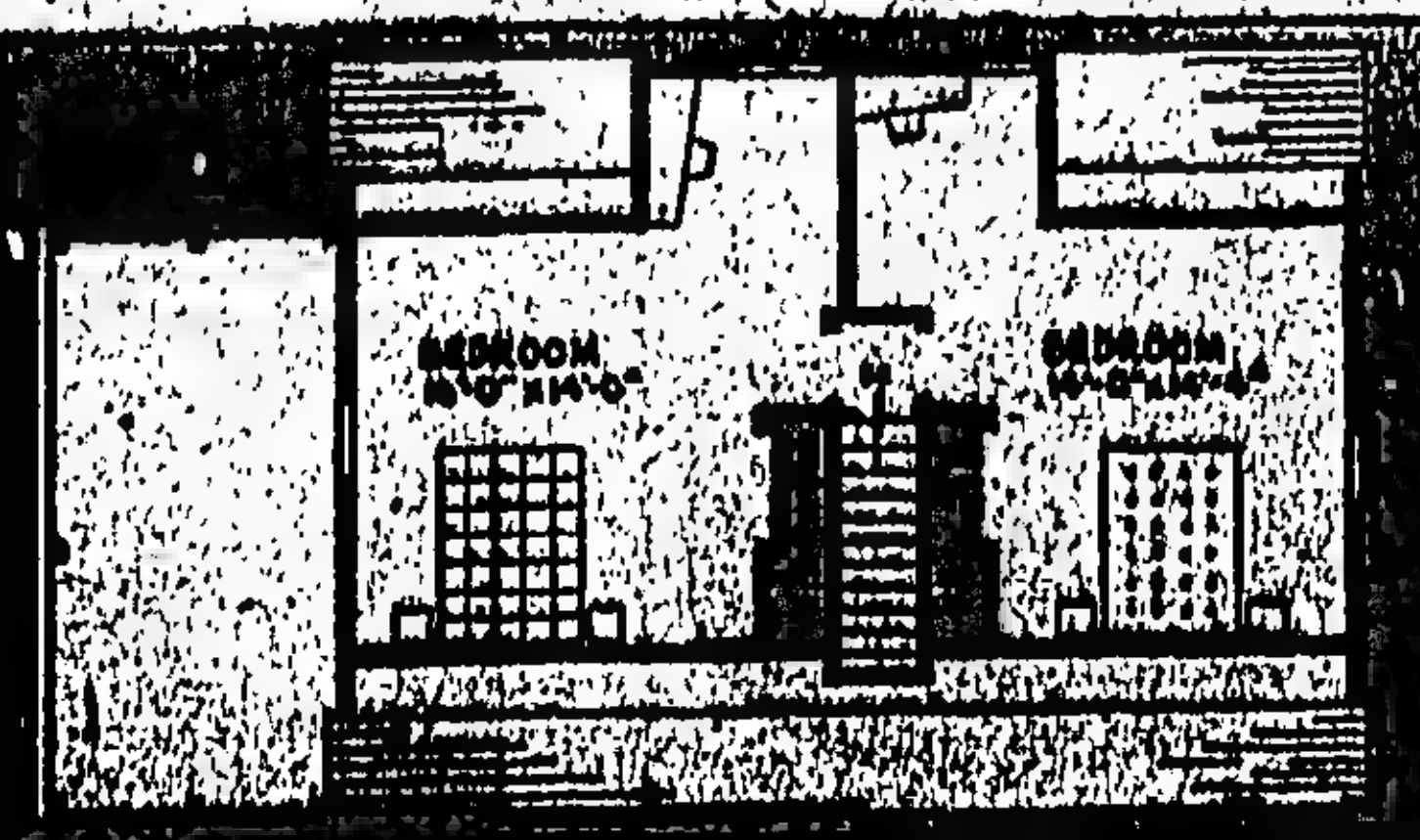
The Kingston comprises 878 square feet.



THE KINGSTON is a small but impressive plan. A porch-topped garage extends the line of the house.



GENEROUS WINDOW SPACE in every room makes the main floor unusually light and airy. Each bedroom has a corner location.



THE KINGSTON is a small but impressive plan. A porch-topped garage extends the line of the house.

Handsome Wrought Iron Furniture

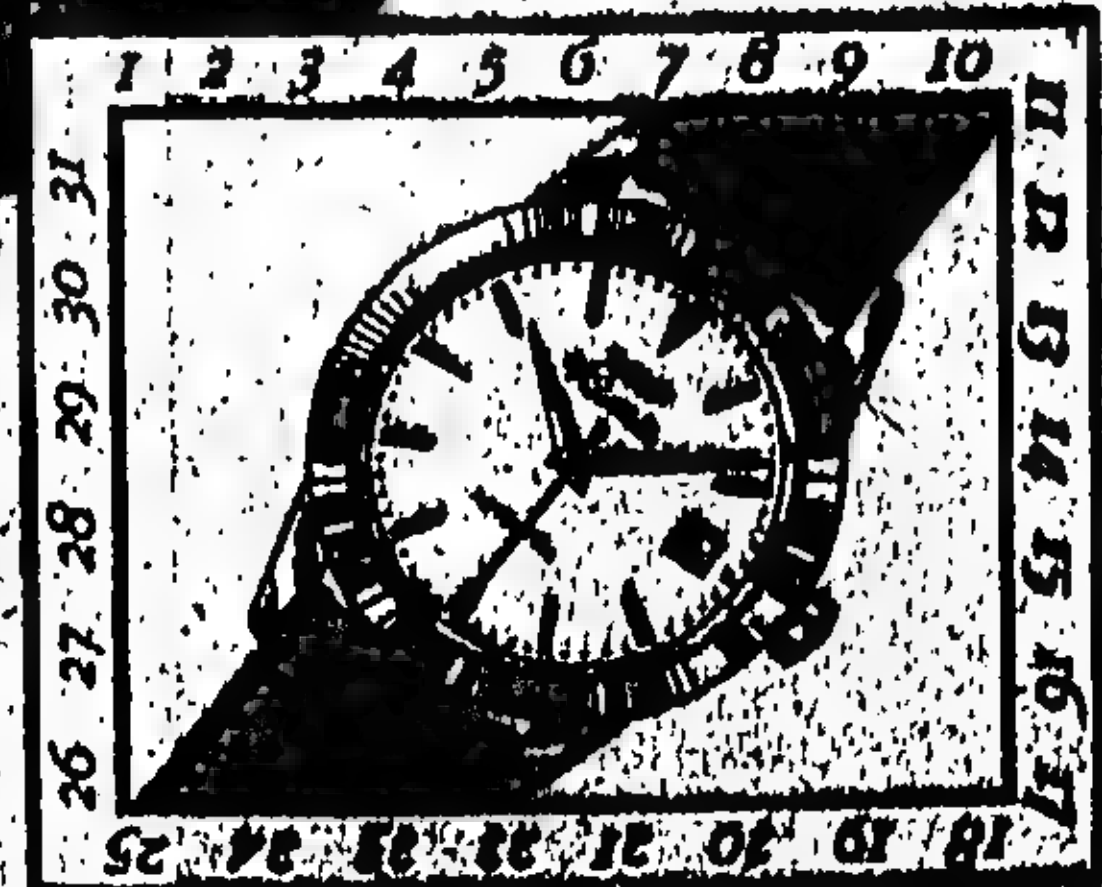
WROUGHT iron furniture, that we think of as the very ultimate in modernity, has been pleasing to women for 6,000 years!

Today women are charmed by wrought iron because it needs so little care and is so handsome. And its function and personality in the home are achieved with fine wrought iron furniture. Custom-made—many phases in wrought iron furniture making are still worked by hand—it answers a demand for easy upkeep and moderate expense, not to mention durability. Corrosion is a thing of the past with wrought iron furniture that has been treated by a special process which seeps into the "pores" of the iron to prevent rust.

Designers have treated wrought iron room dividers which combine bookshelves with a place for the TV set; a davenport with attached maple shelves, looking for a lamp or for serving a buffet spread; and comfortable chairs that would please any man. There are even serving table stands with glass shelves so you needn't bend low to get what's in between. Just as easy to clean as the wrought iron furniture that's been made into a beautiful home.

You have it at a glance...

with the Tissot Visodate



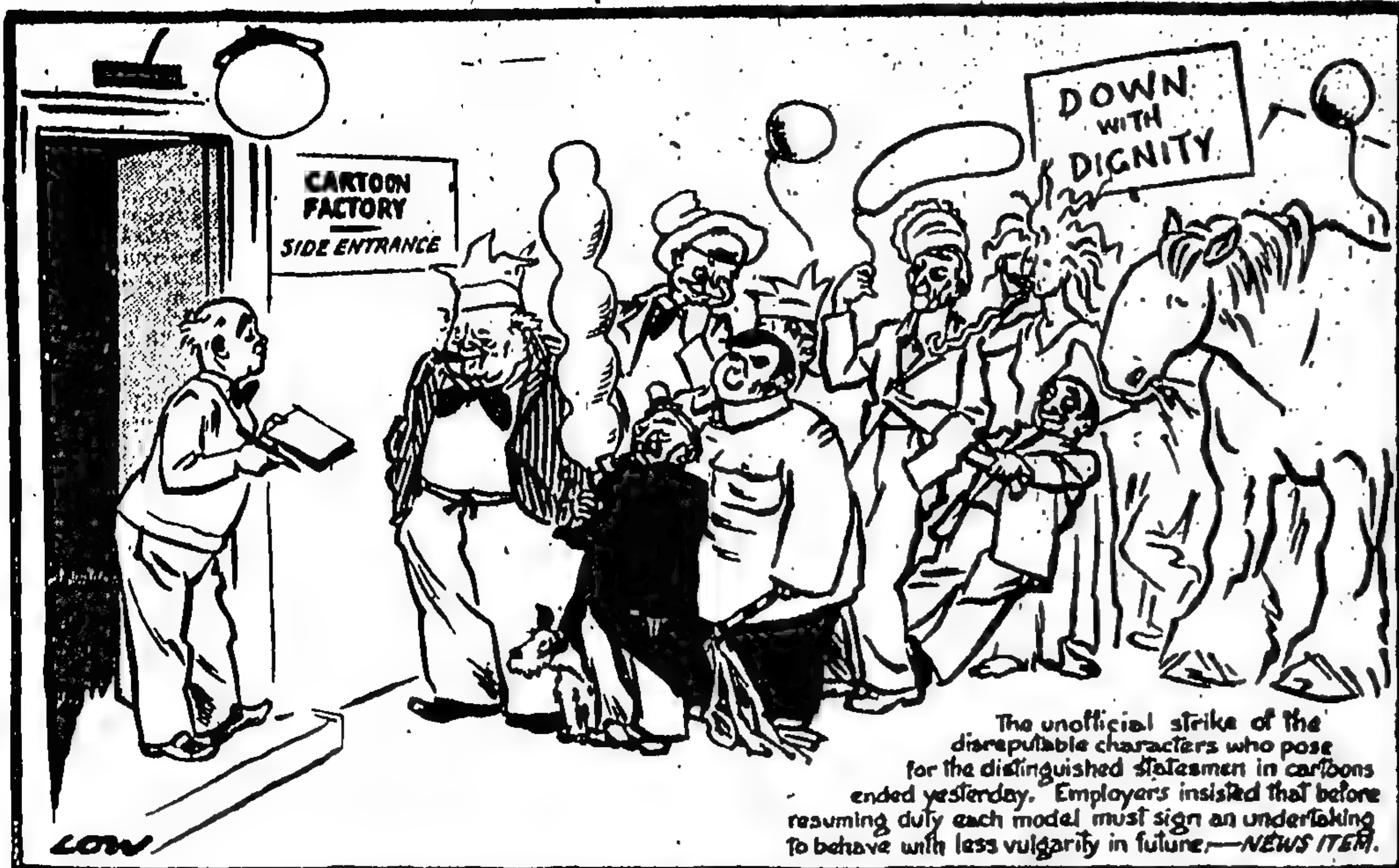
Stainless Steel case \$235
Same as above 14K gold top \$315

Precision time, yes, of course, but also the exact date; once set it stays correct, it is self-winding and waterproof too.

These handsome precision watches are the latest creations resulting from a hundred years of leadership in the Swiss watch industry. Only the Tissot Visodate has all these advantages:

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OMEGA, Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Grenchen, Switzerland.



"NO! SO YOU'VE COME BACK TO WORK, EH?"

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

IS THIS A YEAR OF PEACE OR OF WAR?

FRIENDS and kinsmen. Lend me your eyes, while I propose a toast in link to the New Born 1955.

As with every babe making its first appearance we wish it well though knowing that all babies become the battleground of their ancestors.

Yesterday was the parent of today and today is the parent of tomorrow. So it goes on — world without end, Amen.

The year 1955 starts well because the guns are more silent than they have been for a long time. The pessimist will say that it is only a lull before the thunder, and the pessimist is sometimes right. But we must steel ourselves against the growing tendency to believe that everything had in the worst of all possible worlds.

In other words, as we stand by the cradle of the infant 1955, we must believe in its opportunities as well as its problems.

Therefore, let us take a map of the world and see where the sun is shining. Or, if that sounds too optimistic, let us look at the areas where the clouds are lightning.

We shall begin modestly. Not very long ago the future of Trieste was so furious a problem that both the Italians and the Yugoslavs moved armies into battle formation. Trieste was one of those bastard problems left over from the travail of war, but now it is settled.

GRIM STORY

GOING further afield we can look on the battlefields of Korea, which are slowly and laboriously being recovered into the economy of normal life. All honour to the Americans for their swift reaction to the menacing thrust of imperialism into that part of the world.

It was not a glorious war that would be embalmed in poetry or song. It was a cruel, savage war, fought under hideous conditions, but it established the tremendous fact that there were countries ready to fight for an ideal and not merely to protect their soil.

I agree that it has not solved the Chinese puzzle, but it has taught the government in Peking that dictators no longer have the sole power to strike swiftly. Korea was a grim story, but it was a moment in history. The blizzards of 1955 are largely due to that swift intervention of the peace-loving nations.

The tragedy of Indo-China was almost a bigger menace than Korea. The Americans were not only alarmed but were deeply pessimistic about the chances of France to achieve victory. Powerful, impatient voices were raised in Washington. "If Korea, why not Indo-China? What's the difference?"

America was very close to direct intervention, nor can we prove that it would have been a blunder. But surely would

By **SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP**

almost certainly have been forced to assist the Communist armies, and we might have drifted into the Third World War.

We cannot see the distant scene. History may yet say that the third world war should have begun in Indo-China. Being only fallible, we can but comfort ourselves with the thought that a war deferred may mean a war that never happens.

Yet even as we praise the Western Powers over their patience in that area, we must not extol their impatience in Europe. The flash point was when Russia blockaded the roads that served the Western Powers from their areas to the Allied sections of Berlin.

SPLIT MIND

I DO not doubt that Stalin firmly believed that the Allies would do nothing more than protest. But also, a realist, he must have accepted the possibility of war. Nor would there ever be a moment again when his armed forces were so incomparably superior to those of the Allies.

Quite possibly Stalin was of a split mind at that hour. Old in years, he knew that he could not live to see his realisation of all Europe dominated by Russia. Then why not, on the ruins of Germany, drive the Western Powers out of Central Europe and proclaim a Communist Empire from Cologne to Moscow?

But he did not reckon with the new tempo of the Western world. Like the lash of a whip the British and Americans announced that they would fly supplies, accompanied by fighter squadrons, into West Berlin, and that they would fire upon any planes that tried to stop them.

The small nations of Europe watched the drama with eyes that were filled with amazement. What had happened to the great Dictator of the Kremlin? How could he accept such humiliation? These routes, which the Western planes were taking were through Russian controlled skies!

DOOMED MAN

BUT not a shot was fired. Stalin had endured a bloodless defeat that spoiled his dream. As I shall show you in a moment or two, the Berlin air lift not only was his greatest humiliation but numbered the days that he would stay alive.

From the moment that he faltered over the Berlin air lift, he became a doomed man. He was a murderer many times over, first on a small scale and then in immense numbers. History will acknowledge him as a mighty war leader, but he rose to power on assassination and, after the Berlin air lift's humiliation, he knew that

he could only hold his place by assassination.

There was one man he trusted implicitly—Beria, the head of the Secret Police. Their crimes welded each man to the other in a unity stronger than prison chains. But how could they destroy their internal enemies and still hold the confidence of the masses?

The arrest of the Jewish doctors was a case. Pogroms were originally invented in Russia, and there was no reason why the mob could not be incited once more by the revival of this hideous antisemitism. But something went wrong. Even the propaganda-soaked Russians did not believe that Jewish doctors had suddenly become murderers of innocent people.

Now I must make a confession. I do not know whether there is any truth whatsoever in what I am about to write, but I have talked with men in London who have not only visited Moscow repeatedly but have had access to the confidential reports that come out of Russia. Their stories differ slightly here and there in matters of detail, but they all agree on one fact—that Stalin was murdered.

They say that Stalin, realising that his personal position was weakening, determined on a purge of his immediate surroundings. The plan was that Beria move up with his Secret Police armoured cars and block the roads to the Kremlin. At a signal there should then be the murder of those marked down, including Malenkov and Molotov.

But the plot leaked out and it was Stalin who was murdered; and, within a decent period, Beria was executed.

DEADEST IDOL

THE Stalin story may not be true, although it is believed in the highest quarters, but certainly Stalin is the dearest idol that was ever smashed to pieces. His corpse lies near Lenin's, and his pictures still hang in official places, but there is no mention of his on the lips of Russia's new rulers, nor by the editors of Moscow's newspapers.

Let us once more acknowledge Stalin's heroism as a war leader, although he was completely duped by Hitler and refused to prepare for the Nazi onslaught, but let us equally express our relief that he is no longer the ruler of Russia's destiny. In other words it is sometimes better to have the devil you do not know than the devil you know. That is why we prefer Malenkov to Stalin.

Now let us move into Western Europe. The East-West problem that has bedeviled the relations of France and Germany for so long has been solved, or at any rate the two countries have reached agreement. And

THESE AIRCRAFT — are — OFTEN MISSING

By **J. W. Taylor**

TOP-LINE aircraft designers are very much in the news in these days of jets, and they are just the very men who have been and always will be the backbone of the many thriving model aircraft societies. When these planners put out their first jet 'planes, the model men were quick to produce the home-made miniature with solid fuel pellets. As for helicopters, whilst professionals were developing these, the amateurs were already making their vertical-flying prototype.

Indeed, Mr. Roland Monumment, secretary of the Lincoln

and District Model Aircraft Society, has this to say: "I think that history will prove that most times we are one step ahead." Why? Because many designers of the aeroplane started their careers with home-made club models and, from their experiments and improvising here, along with a mutual exchange of views with fellow-society members, they gained many of their revolutionary ideas for designing the real thing.

These ardent British enthusiasts of flight, from 12 to 70 years of age, themselves make machines ranging from the radio-controlled at £40 apiece, to gliders out of a sixpenny lump of balsa wood. Most personally construct them right the way from the drawing board, through the at-home workshop to the airfield.

Nothing to do with flying development escapes their notice. For every new invention full-scale aviation produces, the model-men soon have one to match it.

MOST EXPENSIVE

Their hobby, apart from the original cost of producing their machines, can be a most expensive one, depending on how lucky they are. One minute there flies the latest "pride of the kitchen hangar" — lovely job, they will assure the owner. The next minute there comes a sudden gust of strong wind to sweep it away over the roof tops — and a hard-earned tenner and 100 perspiring man-hours have literally "gone with the wind."

With a philosophical "Ah! well, it's all in the luck of the draw," the owner returns to his "den." With that determined glint in the eye the wife has long since come to know, he gets down to making a replacement, maybe a better model, hoping the while that some honest person will find and restore the missing aircraft.

Though these strays have been known to settle in tree-tops, foul wireless serials and crash-land in a farm or pasture (and, their owners never lose hope. Surprisingly most of them are returned.

RISK OF LOSS

The advertisement columns of local newspapers are no strangers to such a heart-rending appeal as: "Model aeroplane (colour, blue, red and yellow) LOST, Sunday, direction of Scopwick from Digby, Hereford. Box: Herald 999."

In one such case as this, the plane was back with the owner in three days after it had landed in a cornfield eight miles from the point of take-off.

Says Mr. Monumment: "Eight miles is nothing like a record. I know of a glider model which was found 88 miles from the spot where it disappeared — and still it was returned. There is really no known limit to the distance they can cover. Take a sunny day, when the hot air is rising, and they just keep going. To cut out much of the risk of loss, engines are often restricted to a 10-20 seconds flight. Sometimes a model never gets a chance to show its full potentialities because the engine has been curbed."

peace nor great war again. Human nature makes peace impossible, and the atomic bomb has made war impracticable."

Therefore, as we gather round the crib of the infant 1955 and think of the birth-days of 1914 and 1939, are we not justified in believing that 1955 has a far better chance than its tragic forebears? The world was never more prepared for war and never so determined to maintain the peace. I wish that it had come about through a change of heart, but that may be the next stage.

When shall we call the baby? I suggest that we give it the name "Co-existence." I do not know who coined that compound word, but it shines like a star in the heavens.

For mankind there is one world, and science brings us closer and closer to each other. We believe that there is but one God, but in the eyes of different races, separated by antiquity, God takes many forms. It is the task of the Christian nations to spread the Kingdom of God, not by force, but by the power of the spirit.

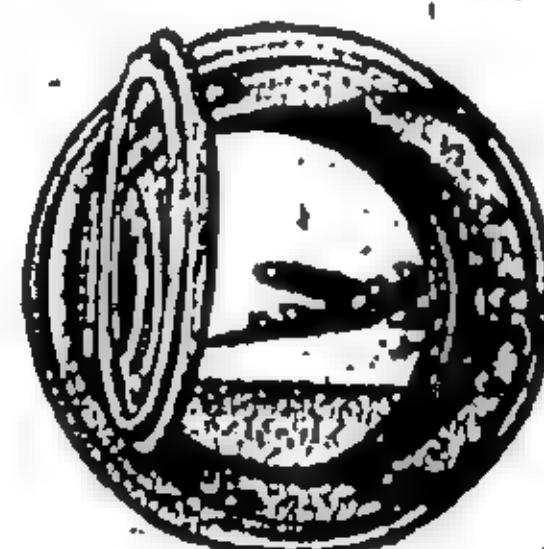
This infant in the crib of time, this new-born year 1955, will not have an easy life. We are not only heirs to the greatness of the centuries but to their mistakes as well.

But I believe that we can shout the old, old words, "A Happy New Year," and believe in our hearts that it will be spared the horror and the blasphemy of war.

ONE WORLD

THAT great scientist and philanthropist, Nobel, left his vast fortune, derived from the manufacture of explosives, to found the Nobel Peace Prizes. But it may well be that the scientists who produced the atomic bomb have given us a safeguard against war.

The wisest man of my acquaintance said to me the other day: "We shall not see



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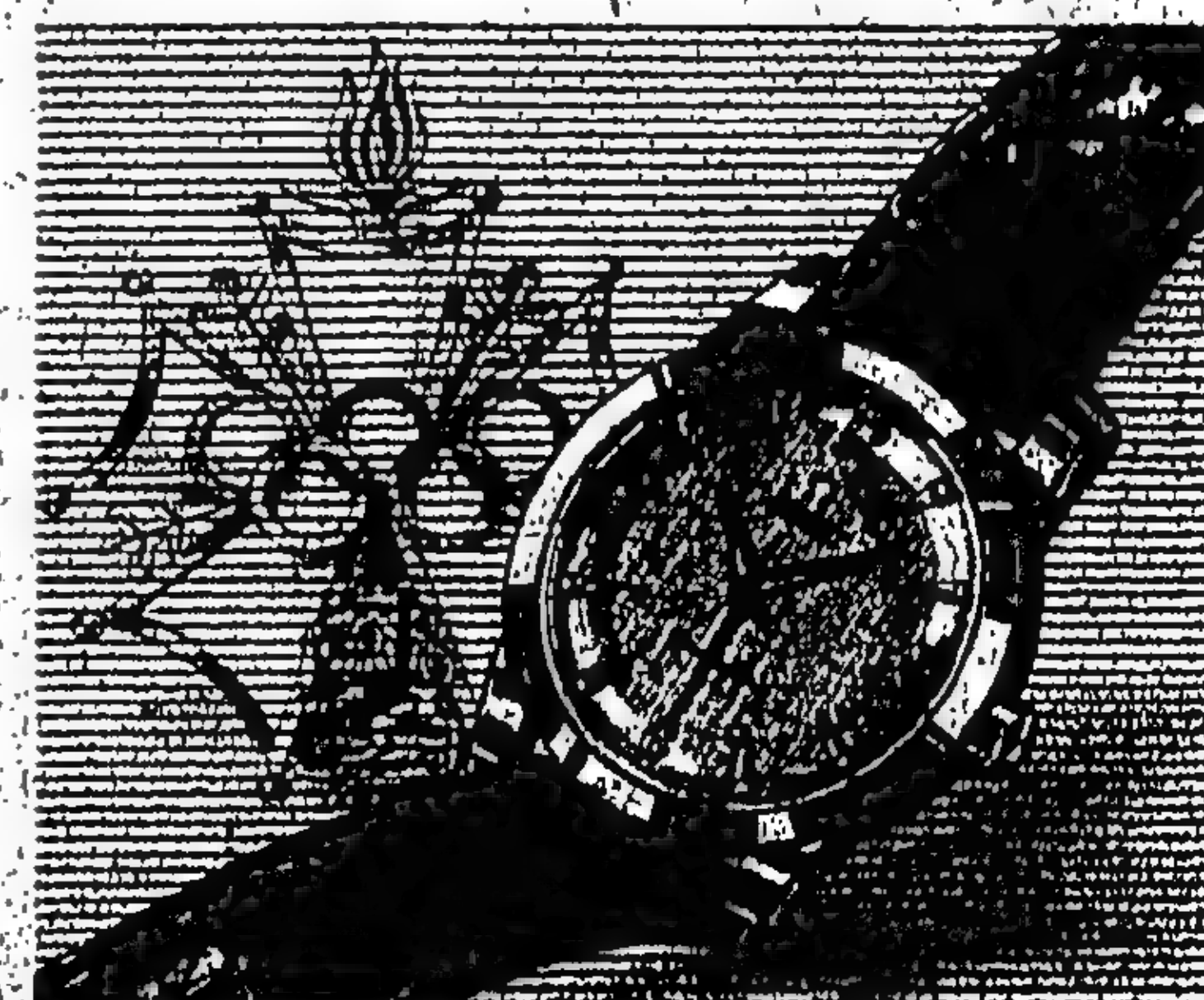
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Olympic Games. For 20 years Official Olympic Timekeepers. Omega will time the Olympics again in 1960. (Geneva 1955)

POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

THE NOBLE SAVAGE, A LIFE OF PAUL GAUGUIN, by Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson. Chatto and Windus, 21s, 304 pages.

MADAME GAUGUIN has had a bad Press. There has never been a book about her husband which failed to point out that she was a tiresome, nagging creature, limited in imagination, bourgeois in outlook and altogether unworthy of the position to which fate had called her—that of wife of a man of genius.

Such (it was said) was the petty cruelty of this Danish woman that she even denied

her husband the company of herself and the children. So limited was her understanding that she did not see the beauty of his painting—at a time when nobody else did either!

But does not Mme. Gauguin deserve kinder treatment than this? Even her husband's biographer? Never was woman so sadly deceived by life.

She fell in love, with M. Gauguin, a handsome, raffish, well-to-do Paris stockbroker, a man whose conversation was enthralling and whose flair for the market could not be disputed. He spoke of a glamorous family background: "I come from the Borgias of Aragon," and a stormy grandmother who had been an anarchist stockbroker. Nothing was better calculated to turn the head of young Mette Sophie Gad from Copenhagen than this admiring mixture of the romantic and the solid.

So she married her stockbroker and bore him five children. Had she only known what a schoolmaster had said of Paul Gauguin—"That boy will grow up either an idiot or a genius"—she might have hesitated. But poor Mette did not even know that Paul was a "Sunday painter," i.e. one who amused himself at spare moments with paint and canvas.

What followed came as a complete and brutal surprise. The substantial stockbroker turned into a vagabond artist, who wore preposterous clothes and gave up making money; frequented cafes where he drank in, along with abstruse, the heady dogmas of the Impressionists, where he met madmen like Van Gogh, and women like—but Mette felt she could have handled the women. Against that intangible foe, the lunatic spell of art, she was helpless.

She was deserted, left with four children, while Paul made off with the fifth. Yet, somehow, it was he who posed as the injured party, begging his wife to rejoin him, to let him see the children, to send him the

train fare so that he could visit her!

Mette could only answer that, having carried off one child, he had abandoned the boy in order to gallivant about with flashy women and unsuccessful artists. As for sending him money, as soon as he had a few francs in his pocket he spent them on paint, drink or worse.

So there Mette remains, a disapproving chorus in the background of her husband's tragic story, for ever declaiming her refrain, "Your atrocious selfishness I cannot forgive!" It never ceases whether Gauguin is starting in Paris, digging the Panama Canal, jollying on a beach in Tahiti or is dead at last, in Papeete while hilarious colonists auction his last picture (held upside down and mockingly called Niagara Falls) for seven francs.

Life held in reserve one last sardonic blow for Mette. In the end it turned out that Paul was a great artist, his pictures did sell for large sums and the children came—oh, bitterest blow!—to think with pride of the father who had run away from them to live with flocks of dusky girls in the South Sea Islands and to die in misery of an illness that is not spoken of in respectable Danish homes.

Mette was bewildered. Life and the strange demon possessed man she married had somehow put her in the wrong. Had she been endowed with a less acute sense of injury, had hers been a more feminine nature, warmer, more intuitive, her part in the story might have been different. But then, Mette would not have been the woman who married a promising young operator on the Paris Bourse.

So she appears in this latest, best life of Gauguin, not as the victim over whom a tear is dropped, but as one of the pack hounding a genius to his doom. For Paul who should really have been the villain, has become the hero. And Mette is a reminder that there is more in life—and more—than being in the right.

THE CORNER STONE, by Zoe Oldenbourg. Collins, 15s. 528 pages.

A NOVELIST can approach the task of writing about the Middle Ages in one of two

ways: either he can paint the outward scene in its violence and splendour, or—a harder job—he can try to get inside the medieval mind, that curious product of an Age of Faith which was also an era of superstition. Zoe Oldenbourg adopts the second method.

The result is an imposing evocation of the medieval temperament in its full range, from gross to noble and from noble to absurd, with religion, in vivid power, holding the structure together. In the blind old Crusader and the blinded heretic, stumbling together on their way to Jerusalem, the aspiration, and the self-destructive ferocity of the age are embodied. A remarkable imaginative feat.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Edwin Muir, Hogarth, 18s. 288 pages.

A POET'S life story, Muir observes one world (ours) with the gentle, surprised detachment of one who is living in another (his). From his point of vision he writes a narrative of curious and touching quality. It is more like an account of a dream than the story—highly personal, and at times amusing—of a life.

MAN MEETS DOG, by Konrad Lorenz, Methuen, 15s. 199 pages.

LORENZ has been watching dogs for years as a lover, a scientist and a humanist. His account of their customs and behaviour traces back to twin racial origins in Jackal (from which most dogs derive) and wolf (ancestor of a few breeds like the Eskimo and the chow), is illuminated by countless anecdotes. A book about dogs to fascinate thousands who do not think of themselves as dog-lovers.

THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP, edited by Richard Haydn, Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d. 246 pages.

MR CARP is the Mr Thakore of the Welfare Age, romantic, myopic, sadly put upon by malicious acquaintances, yet triumphing over all through a total lack of the sense of humour. To understand Mr Carp, it is only necessary to glance at Ronald Searle's illustrations.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

LITTLE OR NOTHING The problems that confront a Folies Bergere girl have just come out into the open in America where vivacious Yvonne Menard has been told that she must wear SOMETHING when she appears before American audiences. The only problem would seem to be that neither Yvonne nor her sponsors can agree on what that SOMETHING should be.

The Parisian star believes that five million Americans (who viewed and liked her in her almost-nothingness at the real Folies Bergere) can't be wrong. She has been told, however, that New York isn't Paris—not by a long way—and has had various costumes trotted out for her approval. So far, however, none of the costumes have pleased Yvonne who complains that even the scantiest of them "restrict" her too much. It appears that she wants to feel free all over.

It appears that Yvonne has been worrying so much about what she must (and must not) wear that she has lost 10 lbs. since she arrived in America three weeks ago.

TOO SWEET Life in Britain is sweet. Too sweet.

Since 1945 sugar consumption has risen from 73.8 pounds to 93.3 pounds. And it's eating holes in the children's teeth. Reports Sir John Jarles: "There has been a substantial increase in dental decay." In 1948 it was hard work to find a child with really bad teeth, toothaches are commonplace now.

But, otherwise, the nation's children are doing fine. Never been better in fact. Only two children in every hundred are in "poor condition." Deaths from tuberculosis are seven-eighths less than they were in 1938.

In 1938, 1,773 died from diphtheria. Last year only seven died.

AIR HAPPY Marmaduke Frederick Wyvill, aged 41, lived in the manor house as his family had done for 200 years. He supervised the sprawling family acres. And he tended the family pile of stocks and bonds.

For miles around Cheltenham he was known as "The Duke"—though he had no claim to any title and no desire to make any. But five months ago he went to work in an aircraft factory. Eight hours a day, he wore overalls and worked as a lathe operator.

People shook their heads and muttered that the aristocrat wasn't what it used to be. Things must be pretty tough in the Wyvill family.

But when Marmaduke died last week he left nearly £200,000.

He just liked aeroplanes.

SHOE TALK You walk along a crowded boulevard, you tread accidentally on a fashionable young lady's lovely foot.

And before you can say "So sorry," there is a painful squeak. Not the lady's squeak—but the foot's.

The lady smiles, but does not speak. Her shoe has protested for her.

"Talking" shoes are the latest thing. The voice is sewn under the upper-leather and screams when anyone treads on it.

ENGLISH LOOK A British naval officer was acquitted in Melbourne on a drunken driving charge because, well, because he was British.

Said his defence counsel: "He has that debonair English look which makes him as if he had had a drink even when he has not."

FISH PARADISE A new "fish paradise" has been discovered by undersea expert Professor John "Coelacanth" Smith.

The "paradise" is the blue Indian Ocean around the Seychelles Islands where Prof. or Smith has just discovered 400 completely new species of fish on a single expedition. Commenting on his discoveries, the Professor claims with pride that some of the new specimens are "quite extraordinary and quite new to science."

As a footnote the fish-finding adventurer admits that he very nearly lost his life in his latest hunt.

"We were anchored off one of the islands and I was eager to collect a few specimens from the depths. Rowing from the parent ship in a dinghy I lowered my fish bomb to the sea-bed and returned to spark the fuse. Unfortunately however the current changed suddenly and even as the fuse was charged our cruiser drifted right over the bomb. The resultant explosion practically wrecked us—but I got my fish!"

CHANGING WORLD It's a sad, cold world—it seems all the old ideas are dying out, killed by new, fangled customs.

Carol singing, for instance. They don't seem to like Carol singing any more—they prefer jazz and telecasted jazz.

One hundred fifty students organised a carol choir in London's West End the other night and on their way to Piccadilly stopped outside pubs, milk bars on street corners and struck up the old tunes.

As they grouped round the Eros statue, hundreds of Londoners joined in the singing. But in Bloomsbury a crowd of women rushed out of a hotel crying—"Get out of it! Shoo! You're spoiling our TV!"

And outside a milk bar the proprietor came out, throwing up his hands. The carolers were drowning the jazz on his juke box, he complained.

So the student wandered off, convinced that it was indeed a changing world.

OLD TIES The gleaming marble statues to Queen Victoria and the heroes of Britain once served to remind Indians of the greatness of the British Raj.

Then Indians demanded: British, quit India!

Now that Empire is gone—but the statues remain.

The Government has questioned all the States to see what ought to be done with them. And the answer in almost every case has been: "Let's keep them."

The State of Addis Ababa has flatly refused to take down a single one. Madras has said it wants to keep most of them. Uttar Pradesh said it thought that "the feelings of the rest of the Commonwealth should be respected" and Bombay announced tactfully that it would wait until the federal government decided. No state has agreed to wholesale removal.

For Indians preserve a curiously sentimental regard for the statues of great people.

SHOCK ACTION Gas Board men got a sharp electric shock at Keynsham, near Bristol, the other night.

In the Baptist Hall they were going to show a big Christmas tree that you can cook a fine Christmas dinner by using the old method—gas—just as well as you can by the new—electricity.

The stage was set. A gas stove was brought in. But they couldn't find a gas tap.

So everybody started looking round, some with electric torches.

Then the caretaker was called. And he announced "Sorry—there's been some mistake. This hall is all-electric."

Result—demonstration called off.

EASTWARD BOUND For hundreds of thousands of Soviet Government officials, now sitting in well-heated city offices, the outlook has changed to "very cold." As cold, in fact, as the bitter winter winds that sweep across Siberia and the Orkney mountains.

The officials, soft from years of desk work, will soon be packing their bags to go more "useful" work thousands of miles away in state farms, factories and timber camps.

Behind their move to the top Communist decision that there are too many soft-bodied men and women—pen-pushing in official apartments. Some of the work is just duplication, some of it superfluous, say the Soviet bosses.

And the bosses add, the officials would do better to join the 125,000 agricultural specialists and all the others who "volunteered" earlier this year to help open up Siberia and Kazakhstan, Central Asian republics.

Already the Soviet press is paving the way for their departure eastwards.

SO GIRLS ARE OUT Shades of Churchill Masters at Harrow, next to Eton most illustrious of Britain's schools for sons of the wealthy, spluttered and shook their heads violently.

A "GIRLS" school at Harrow? Never!

Somebody had suggested that a girls' school be built at Norwick Park, Middlesex, adjacent to the Harrow boys' swimming pool.

But the board of directors of the old grey-stone walled school which taught Sir Winston Churchill the three R's (and which he did not pick up too well), just couldn't bear the idea.

"We do not want a girls' school here," they said bluntly. And that was that.

CLOSED RING It's always happening. You take a sea voyage. You fall in love. But there aren't any engagement rings around so you postpone the dreadful act.

Afterwards you quietly forget about it.

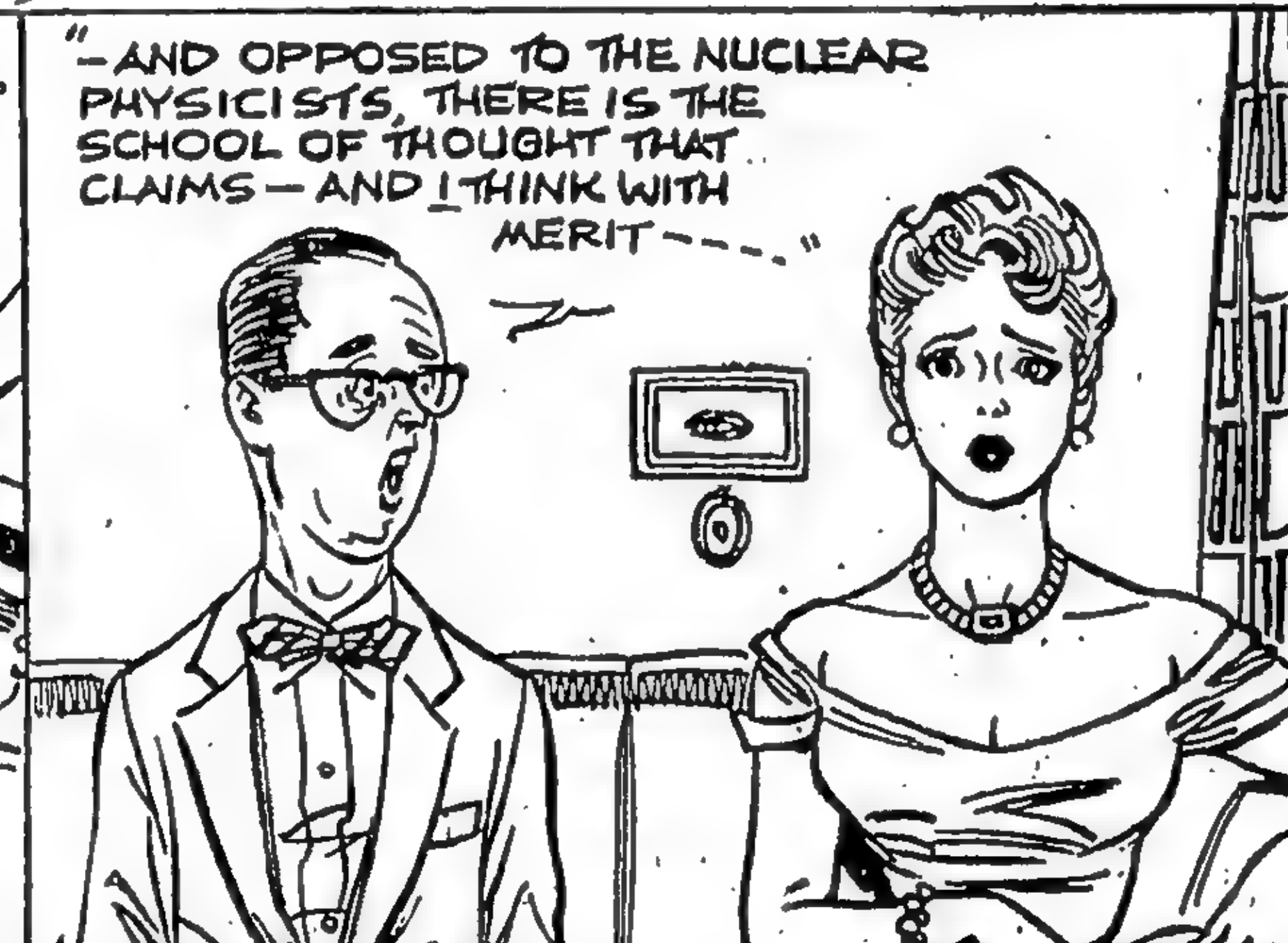
But the net is closing. Last week the 28,000-ton liner Orizaba sailed from Southampton for Australia. And there was a full quota of engagement rings aboard.

Said a member of the Research Centre for the Gold, Silver and Jewellery Industries, the outfit behind the move: "We have recommended a major wedding market and we expect to see a big increase in the number of proposals in all these countries."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Making Conversation

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB ANNUAL RACE MEETING

Saturday 13th, Wednesday 19th and Saturday 22nd January, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 30 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race will be run at 12 o'clock NOON each day.

The Time Interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a member, even member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72611).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western calendar.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the equivalent of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through all exits. They may on no account use the lavatories situated in the members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the annual sweepstakes. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, at \$1.00 each per day or \$3.00 for the three days of the meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office during normal office hours until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold into the remainder of the series.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any right whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription list without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

The sale of these tickets will close on Friday 21st January at—
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.
5, D'Aguilar Street at 5.00 p.m.
Queen's Building, (Chater Road) at 6.00 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP ON THE PEARCE MEMORIAL CUP

Saturday, 22nd January, 1955.

Over 300,000 tickets sold to date.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on Friday, 21st January, as follows:—

382 Nathan Road, Kowloon, at 4.00 p.m.
5 D'Aguilar Street, at 5.00 p.m.
Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, at 6.00 p.m.

The Draw will be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, 22nd January, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,
PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO.
Treasurers.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Softball League Tourney Starts On Its Second Round This Week-end

Starting 1955, the Softball Leagues are entering the second round competition and all matches are expected to be even more keenly fought. The best games of this week will be CAA vs. Braves in the Senior "A" League and Colleens "A" vs. South China in the Ladies' League.

Both Braves and Chinese Athletics are hard-hitting teams and it will be interesting to see who will get the upper hand. Considering the batteries, Braves certainly possess a better one in Jack Brown and Manuel Gutierrez while CAA's P. C. Wong and Y. C. Ng are weaker.

The infielders and outfielders of both teams are all good in defence and offence as well. Braves have Carlos Yvanovich, Eddie Laurido, Junior Remedios, Tony Osmond, Tony Gutierrez, Bull Dhabber, Carlos Remedios as mainstays and Athletics have C. M. Tang, K. T. Leung, Y. K. Chan, Sheldon Ma, Paul Tin, Tony and Harry Kwok and S. C. Wong.

Both teams have practised hard for this important match, particularly the Braves who "dropped two in the first round. Another defeat will end all hope for the Senior "A" Pennant as the Tribermen still have a long and hard way to go to Pennantville.

The Chinese Athletics have had difficulty of few players who can turn up for Sunday games now. Many are engaged in work and requires regular Sunday duties and hence their manager, Mr. Mark, finds quite a problem confronting him. They may not be able to turn out on Sunday in strength. Therefore Braves are favoured to win this game though they bowed to the Athletics in the first round.

The other Senior "A" game, Pandas vs. Delawares, will be a top-sided one as the young and less experienced Indians will not be able to resist the heavy onslaught of the powerful Beasts.

In the Senior "B" Division, Pandas "B" are clashing with University and Overseas are challenging the mighty Americans. It is almost certain that the Colleens and Overseas boys will lose again though they have made much improvement lately.

Only two Junior contests are scheduled, CAA Jr. vs. P. I. Dodgers and Wah Ying vs. Overseas Jr.

The former match is more balanced and should see competition. However, the Philippine youngsters know the game better and should defeat the Chinese lads. Wah Ying will definitely beat the Overseas though both are rookie teams. The former have improved quite a lot during the course of the tournament.

Pennant-holding Colleens "A" will tangle with the tough South China Athletics. The Portuguese lads have been further weakened by the resignation of Antonio Remedios and Sally Sun, the guardians of the hot corner and windy alley. They may not be able to hold back the strong Athletics from Caroline Hill.

THE PROGRAMME

Saturday

2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA Jr. vs. P. I. Dodgers
3.30 p.m.: (A) Pandas Ladies vs. Colleens "B"; (B) Wah Ying vs. Overseas Jr.
Sunday
10.00 a.m.: (A) Colleens "A" vs. South China Ladies
11.30 a.m.: (A) Pandas "A" vs. Delawares
2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA vs. Braves
3.30 p.m.: (A) Pandas "B" vs. HKU; (B) Overseas "A" vs. Americans

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Sunday
10.00 a.m.: (A) Colleens "A" vs. South China Ladies
11.30 a.m.: (A) Pandas "A" vs. Delawares
2.00 p.m.: (A) CAA vs. Braves
3.30 p.m.: (A) Pandas "B" vs. HKU; (B) Overseas "A" vs. Americans

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

INJURED PLAYERS MUST BE HANDLED WITH CARE —NO NEED FOR HASTE

By L. M. MacTAVISH

The soccer alley has really been buzzing this week and there are so many things to write about that it is difficult to know just where to start, but, as the players and their welfare must always be the first consideration, I think I shall deal with this subject first.

Did you see the thrilling meeting between Kitchee and South China last Saturday? If you did then no doubt like me you felt some concern for popular Chung Koon-hing the Kitchee goalkeeper, who was hurt in a late — but accidental — crash with Mok Chun-wah.

Chung raced far beyond the penalty area to try and avert a score when the little winger was making tracks for goal. The two players crashed in a heap and it was soon obvious that the injury was either high on his arm or on his shoulder.

It was impossible to say just how severe the injury was but the treatment he received at the time and at the end of the game seemed designed to aggravate it. A teammate who was close to the goalkeeper thoughtfully and dangerously pulled him to his feet by the injured arm. He was dragged about, also by the arm, and when the final whistle sounded he was half-carried from the field in very obvious pain supported by the weight of his own arms across the shoulders of two officials.

This last act was repeated when Chung Koon-hing was being removed from the stadium and the whole incident emphasised once again the pressing necessity for educating players and field officials in the vital fact that no injured player should be moved anywhere by anyone until it is clear that such a movement will not increase the extent of his injury.

There is no necessity for haste. The referee is empowered to adjust time to meet such exigencies, and careful and considerate treatment and handling MUST be accorded to the player who has been injured in the course of a game, however important that game might be.

GOOD FRIEND GONE
Hongkong football and footballers lost a great friend and champion with the departure of the legend of Jack Skinner. Few legislators have enjoyed the popularity and respect that he earned for himself during the many years of service which he gave to the game.

I believe that this was due in the main to his willingness to hear both sides of any argument or discussion; his unswerving belief that the individual was never as big, or as important, as the game; and above all his avowed principle that skill, not colour or creed, was the only criterion in deciding if a player was good enough.

His departure leaves a big hole in our soccer ranks. A political wit once remarked that while no man was indispensable, too often a suitable replacement was over long delayed. That could well have applied here, although for the good of the game we must hope that it is not so.

Jack Skinner will continue to interest himself in Far East football by reason of his membership of the Executive Committee of FIFA. The next meeting of the Committee is in Moscow at the end of May and it is interesting to know that one of the last letters Jack received before his departure was from the Russian member of one of the FIFA Committees.

There is no doubt that his potentially sport is a great factor in good international relations. Good Luck, Jack... may both Mrs Skinner and yourself be given many years to enjoy a well-earned retirement... we shall miss you.

MAGNIFICENT FILM
I was privileged the other day to attend a private showing of the official film of the World Cup 1954. This is a magnificent piece of work and everyone who aspires to soccer progress should be given an opportunity of seeing it. It is an hour and a half of superlative football education and there is something to learn at every stage of the film.

The photography is brilliant, and the treatment of the subject is so well done, that the tempo and the interest is sustained throughout. Apart from shots from almost all the matches that were played there are some impressive interludes showing the world's top footballers in the training spells.

These are probably the most important from an educational point of view and our players—however gutturing their reputations and however extensive their experience—have something to learn from these shots.

The ball control of some of the players is uncanny and as one of those who saw the film remarked, "They do it all with the thoroughness of a music hall artiste.... and that just about sums it up."

One player is seen to pick the ball up with his toe, balance it on his instep, casually flick it up and catch it and balance it on his forehead and then walk off down the field with it in that position.

When this film becomes available for general showing... DON'T MISS IT... it is the greatest single contribution to football progress that has become available in many many years.

WEEK-END GAMES
Local football fans are being served a generous ration of interesting soccer this week-end, with the second round of the

Senior Shield due for decision. Pride of place on the programme will be the titanic tussle between South China and KMB at Caroline Hill this afternoon.

With the memory of the fine Kitchee-South China meeting still fresh in our memory there is every reason to hope that today's game will also reach the same heights. This, of course, is a knock-out competition and it may be that the "sudden-death" aspect will put the players on edge... but nevertheless this match has all the possibilities of being one of the games of the season.

The big question is "Who will win...?" It is always difficult to forecast a cup-tie on the basis of League performances, but my reading of the game is that if KMB get the better of the forward strength to win... but the longer the game hangs in the balance the higher do I rate South China's chances... In boxing parlance, a quick knock-out to KMB or a hard-fought victory on points for South China.

Another speculative game is St Joseph's v. Army at the Club Stadium. The teams have already met twice this season. The first meeting ended in a 3-2 draw with the Saints claiming the points by a 3-2 victory in the second meeting. Since that second game the Saints have lost Augusto Rocha and his absence will no doubt be an important factor for St Joseph's. Army have lost Billy and there is no news at the moment as to who will be taking his place... but, whatever the line-up, this tie may need a replay before a decision is reached.

Tomorrow there is another all-Chinese tie at Caroline Hill when Kitchee and Eastern cross swords. Both sides were beaten last week-end and Eastern have lost a lot of their early promise I take Kitchee to move into the next round... but Eastern surprised South China a few weeks ago and Kitchee will not be able to look on this result as a foregone conclusion.

Club looks CAA at the Stadium and this is one of those ties in which anything can happen, and it probably will. It is whispered that at least one established player may be missing from the Club line-up, but it is hoped that they will still manage to get the game.

The players seemed well satisfied with the arrangements and from my own observations I think that the Club officials are due congratulations on a first rate installation.

Only minor adjustments are needed to make the system fully efficient but I believe that there is a feeling among some Club officials that the lighting strength should be further increased. This, of course, could only be beneficial but even as it stands, the system is good enough to meet the most exacting requirements of competitive football.

I spoke to several spectators who were also present when the equally impressive system at Caroline Hill was turned on a couple of weeks ago. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that it was easier to watch the game at the Club ground than it was at Caroline Hill, and a spectator reaction will be a most important factor in deciding the future use of the lights by competitive or representative football.

LEAGUE CRICKET

Army South Should Beat Scorpions At Sookunpoo Today

By "GOOGLY"

After three weeks of the festive season, local League Cricket will be resumed this afternoon when Army South will be all out for Scorpions' blood to avenge the defeat they suffered at Chater Road at the beginning of the season when Scorpions won by 37 runs. This game will be played at Sookunpoo and, whatever the result may be, a good game will be seen.

As far as I can remember Army South has not lost a game playing at home this season. With the present form of the soldiers they should take all four points.

With George Souza in top form, Craigsgower Cricket Club will be expected to win from their neighbours, the police, unless English, Woodhouse and Remon, the spinners, all strike form. The last two named are also consistent batsmen.

The encounter between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club will be an interesting game to watch over the mainland. I fancy the home team, Recreio, will get four points as Gerry Goshno seems to have struck his old form both with bat and ball, though KCC are at present second in the League table.

University, with two new undergraduates from Malaya, K. T. Koh and R. Jolly, are playing at home, but I still think the R.A.F. will leave Pokfulam with four points.

Army North will have to do better this afternoon when they will be guests of the Navy. In their last game they went down to the lowly-placed C.C.C. by five wickets, but I still think they will find it difficult to share the points, much less gain four.

In the Junior Division, Kowloon Cricket Club will be at home to Recreio and the Kings Park players have a slight advantage over their opponents in that they are a better fielding team.

The Albion, at present on top of this Division, will be at home to University and should consolidate their position with four extra points.

KGW will be entertaining Navy and they should win with bowlers like Whitaker and Basso. On the other hand, I gather that a number of ships are in the harbour, but there again the sailors are an unknown quantity.

Whether Arthur Rijnhuizen's IRC "B" can revenge their defeat by DBS in the first round

is another matter. The game will be played at Sookunpoo and, whatever the result may be, a good game will be seen.

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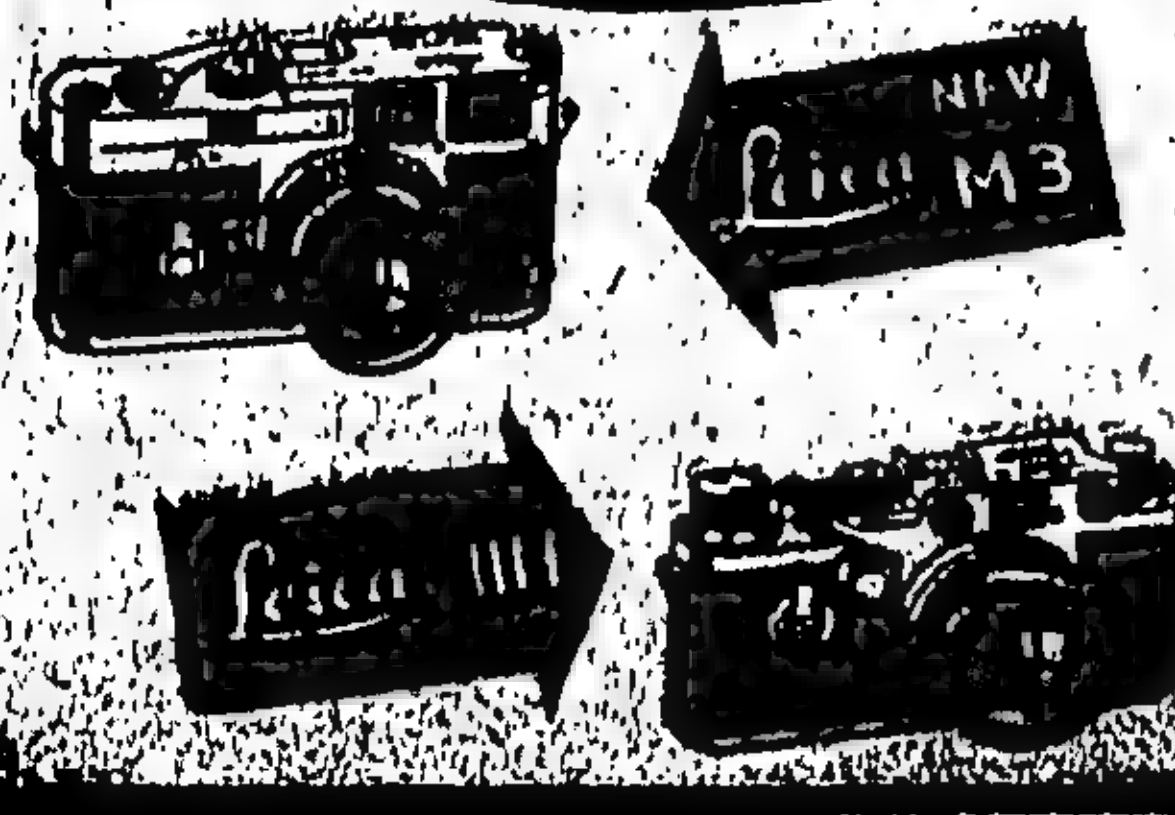
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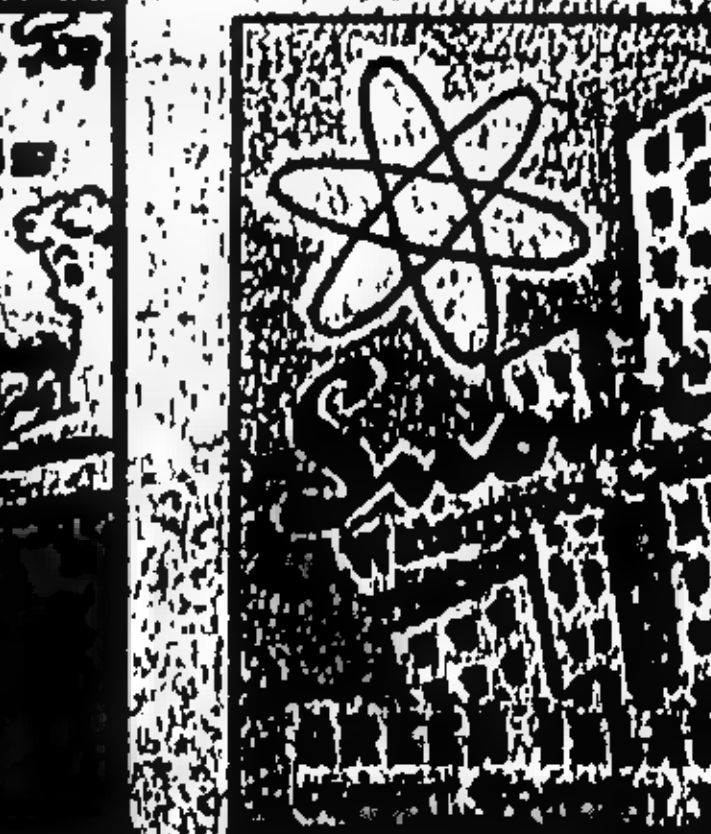
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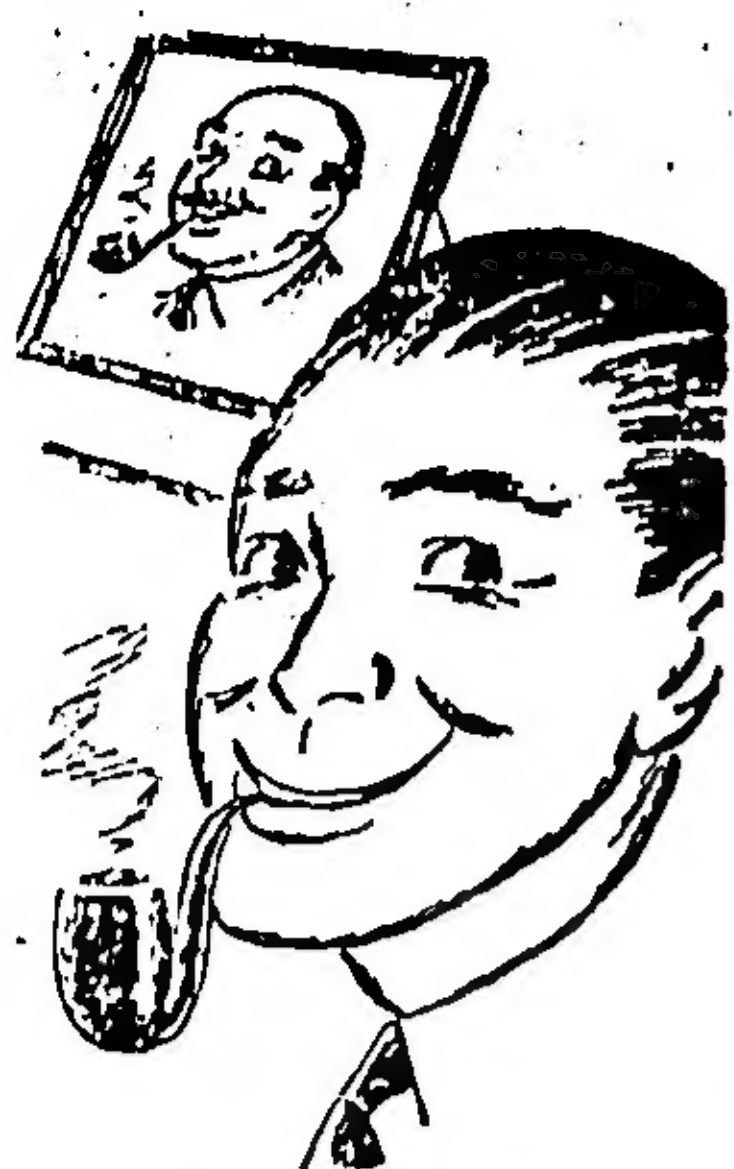


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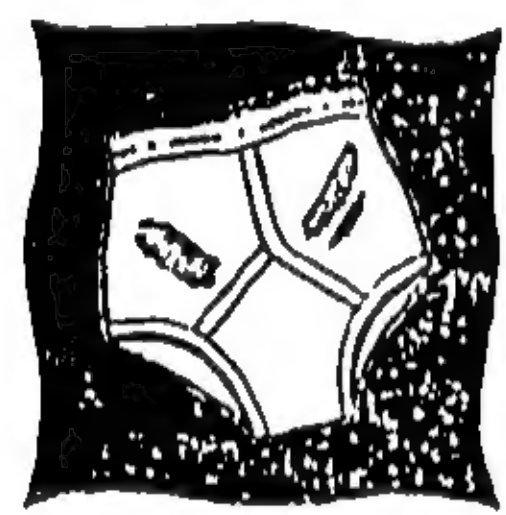
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BOUNGING BASQUE STILL ACTIVE



The "Bounding Basque", veteran Jean Borotra is still quite active in match tennis. In partnership with Robert Abdessalam he won the Doubles against Von Cramm and Scholl in the Paris-Berlin match last month. — Agence France-Presse Photo.

First Round Of The Rugger Internationals This Afternoon

By "PAK LO"

The first big rugger games to take place this year are the local Internationals, which will be on the Police Recreation Club ground at Boundary Street this afternoon. Four teams have entered this year.

This year Wales are unable to field a full team as the Welsh Regiment, who formed the greater part of the team last year, have now left the Colony. Instead Wales has combined with Ireland to produce a Welsh-Irish XV. Scotland and England will again be represented, and as the "Kaniere" is in port a New Zealand XV will be fielded in place of the Commonwealth who played last year.

The draw for this round is Welsh-Irish versus New Zealand at 3.00 p.m., and Scotland versus England at 4.15 p.m.

As, of course, all the usual players have now switched teams it is very hard to pick out the winners in each game. In the first game the Welsh-Irish XV have a very good three line with plenty of speed. Lloyd of the Navy being on one wing whilst Blackburn of the Army is on the other.

In front of them they have the two test players, in the police team in Marsh and Lloyd. The forwards are fairly heavy with plenty of speed in the back line. Held worth of the Navy is the hooker, but beyond Hargreaves they have no outstanding line-out forward.

The New Zealand team have already been seen in action in a Navy team and this only two chances are left of the Club in the centre three position and Penman, also of the Club, in the front row of the forwards.

The New Zealand team will again be packing 3-4-1 against the Welsh-Irish 3-2-3.

Whether this will give them an advantage is a moot point but the

pack in the loose impressed last time with their terrific "go". Hata, who led the forwards last time, is again there, as is Tait whose speed in the three-quarter line will be well remembered.

The three line is good, and Ronger, who had the fault of kicking ahead when he got the ball, has been improving tremendously of late, and should be an asset. On the whole I think the New Zealand three will get more of the ball from the forwards than will the Welsh-Irish, and this could be the turning point of the game.

The Welsh-Irish three, however, are the more impressive, and should win the game for their side. Whatever the result it will be a very evenly matched game with no quarter asked or given.

AULD ENEMIES
The second game brings together the two famed "auld enemies" and once again there is little to choose between the two fifteens.

In the Scottish team Dyer comes in at full back and Walker, a newcomer to the Army, who has arrived with a good reputation, takes his place at scrum half in front of Turville.

The latter will miss Henderson as there two have played together for many years, but he and Walker should combine well enough. The pack is very heavy and with Russell as hooker should be capable of getting the greater share of the ball from the set scrums.

In Slack and Chisholm they have two good line-out forwards, and they also have Petrie and

Chisholm as the wing forwards. On paper this looks the best pack of the day, but the three are not quite so impressive. In-gall is playing in the centre for a change, and whether he will settle down as well in that position remains to be seen. Inglis is outside Stone, but I think Inglis would have been better inside Inglis, with Stone on the other side.

England, while they do not have so strong a pack, have an excellent three line, particularly on the right wing where Hewitt of the Navy is inside Edwards of the Army. In front of them are the two best halves in the Colony, namely Brentford and Parkinson.

These four could win the game for England, and most probably will, but if the Scottish forwards can get together, and take a leaf from their compatriots at home, with forward rushes they might easily turn the game in their favour.

For this game England start the favourites, but they will have a tough time of it before they leave the field. Somehow in these games the excitement invariably reaches fever pitch, and there are always plenty of spectators to cheer on their respective countries. These are two matches which I can heartily recommend to all rugger fans.

For those of you who may have trouble picking out your respective teams. In the first game New Zealand will be wearing black jerseys, and the Welsh-Irish red jerseys, whilst in the second game Scotland will be wearing blue jerseys, and England white jerseys.

BANNISTER, ZAHARIAS, BELL

FOR ME THERE WERE A SPORTSMAN AND TWO SPORTSWOMEN OF 1954

Says DENNIS HART

Who's your fancy for the sports personality of 1954? Roger Bannister I expect. All over the world polls have been held to pick the Sportsman of the Year. All over the world one name has stood out—Roger Bannister.

It's not surprising. From the records angle, 1954 will for ever be remembered as the four-minute mile year. And the four-minute mile belongs to the unassuming "Flying Doctor."

Then there were his memorable victories in the Empire Games mile at Vancouver over John Landy and in the 1,500 Metres in the European Championships at Bern.

So for sport, 1954, we can read Roger Bannister?

NOT REALLY
Not really. Sport is more than winning and breaking records; Bannister himself says that.

So for me there are three Sportsmen of the Year. One is Bannister. He was shown that off-the-field "something", too. The other two are women. The first has been at the top of the tree those many years.

She is Mildred "Babe" Dickerson Zaharias, top-class athlete, golfer, baseball and basketball player, the sports wonder of the age.

The other steps into the limelight for the first time. Sixteen-years-old, she is Marilyn Bell, a Toronto schoolgirl.

Winning the U.S. Women's Open Golf Championship and a gruelling 22-mile swimming race respectively, Babe Zaharias and Marilyn Bell chalked up two of the top performances of

the year. The struggles behind those victories raise them to even greater heights.

DEATH SENTENCE
In April 1953, Babe Zaharias received a sports death sentence. The doctor told her she had cancer.

He went on to say that they had discovered it early and that something could be done. But in a hard life of touring the world's sports tournaments, Babe Zaharias had learned to face facts. To her cancer meant one thing—the end.

George Zaharias, the ex-wrestler she married in 1938, thought differently, however. A man of big proportions and an even bigger heart, he was convinced Babe would win through. And he convinced Babe.

So Babe's tremendous determination turned on healing cancer. Against this and the skill of surgeon Dr Robert Moore the cancer hadn't a chance.

So Babe came back. In July last year once more the name Mildred Zaharias was listed among the competitors for the U.S. Women's Open. Once more the name Mildred Zaharias finished at the top of the list against the amazing score of 291—twelve strokes in front of the field, which included great players like Louise Suggs, Patty Berg and Betty Dodd.

THAT WASN'T ALL

And that isn't all Babe Zaharias has done last year.

After her operation Babe's only thought was to get back to golf. Her nurse, Sister Marie Daniels, knew this only too well. Kindly, but firmly, she told Babe she should be thankful for the progress already made, and that others were far worse off. Sister Daniels went on to suggest that Babe and Betty Dodd, notorious as a harmonica and a guitar team, might amuse the other patients.

They did. This entertaining helped Babe's recovery. She had something else to think about. Babe took to talking to the patients personally about cancer, too. She told them that cancer wasn't a death sentence, that if they were willing to have the operation she had undergone they could be cured.

She gave them faith. Babe has now fully recovered. But wherever she plays on the tournament circuit she visits the hospitals. Calmly and openly she talks to cancer sufferers about their disease that was once hers. She tells them they can pull through, just as George Zaharias told her she would pull through.

COMPLETE UNKNOWN

Before September 10, 1954, Marilyn Bell was a complete unknown in the sports world. By the evening of September 10 she was a world-wide celebrity.

Marilyn Bell, 16-year-old schoolgirl, had conquered the icy Lake Ontario, the first swimmer ever to do so. Battling for 40 miles through the darkness, she had matched her frail five-foot frame against the six-foot waves, and won.

It was the most gruelling swim ever completed. There were four in the race, including Florence Chadwick, the experienced channel swimmer. Only Marilyn Bell finished. Why did she enter the race? For personal glory, or the honour of her country? Neither of these. Marilyn Bell suffered the tortures of that tempestuous journey to help those who could

Sports Diary

TODAY

Soccer
Senior Shield—St. Joseph's v Army (Club); KMB v South China (CHI). Both matches commencing at 3.45 p.m.
Junior Shield—Little Sai Wan v Army (Club); South China v Sing Tao (CHI). Both matches commencing at 2 p.m.
Division 2 "B"—Dairy Farm v Telephone; Kowloon v Kowloon; Happy Valley 2.30 p.m.; Jardines v CMB; RAMC v C & W; Happy Valley 4 p.m.

Hockey
Ladies' League—Victoria v Victorians (KIP) 2.30 p.m.; Recoile v Dorians "B" (BS) 2.30 p.m.; Recoile v KCC "B" 2.30 p.m.; Dorians "A" v Grenville (KIP) 3.45 p.m.
Interport Trials Pool Ground Happy Valley at 3 p.m.

Cricket
First Division—Recoile v KCC; PRC v CCC; Navy v Army; Scorpions v Army South.
Second Division—KCC v Recoile; IRC "B" v DES.

TOMORROW

Soccer
Senior Shield—Club v CAA (Club); Eastern v Kitcher (CHI). Both matches commencing at 3.45 p.m.
Junior Shield—Eastern v Roadworks (Club); Kitcher v KMB (CHI). Both matches commencing at 2 p.m.
Div. 2 "A"—Western v Takoo (KIP) 2.30 p.m.; CAA v Kwong Wah (BS) 3.30 p.m.; Police v Club (BS) 4 p.m.
3.—Rediffusion v Hollandia (Navy) 2.30 p.m.; RUL v Kowloon Godown (Navy) 4 p.m.

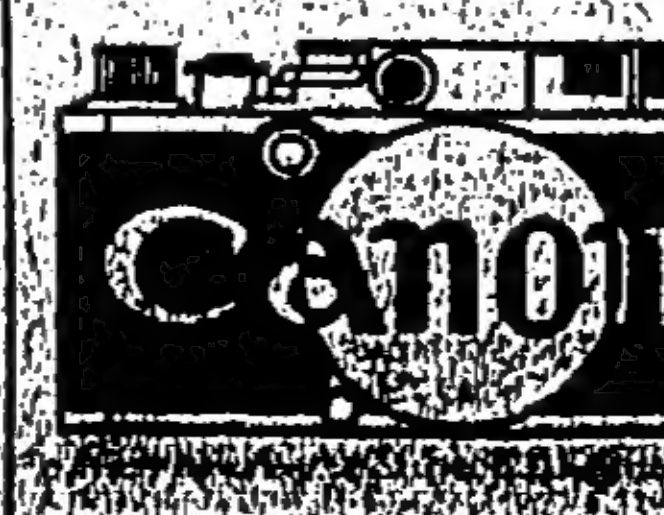
Hockey
Div. 1—Army v Recoile "A" (KIP) 4 p.m.; RN "A" v Nav Bharat "A" (KIP) 4 p.m.; Dutch HC v Army "B" (KIP) 2.30 p.m.
Div. 2—Police v Knights (Police) 11 a.m.; HCHC v Booknaps (KIP) 11 a.m.; RN "B" v Nav Bharat "B" (KIP) 2.30 p.m.
Interport Hockey Practice 11 a.m. Boundary Street.

Cricket
Div. 2—Army v IRC "A".
Golf
Junior Championships Semi-finals.

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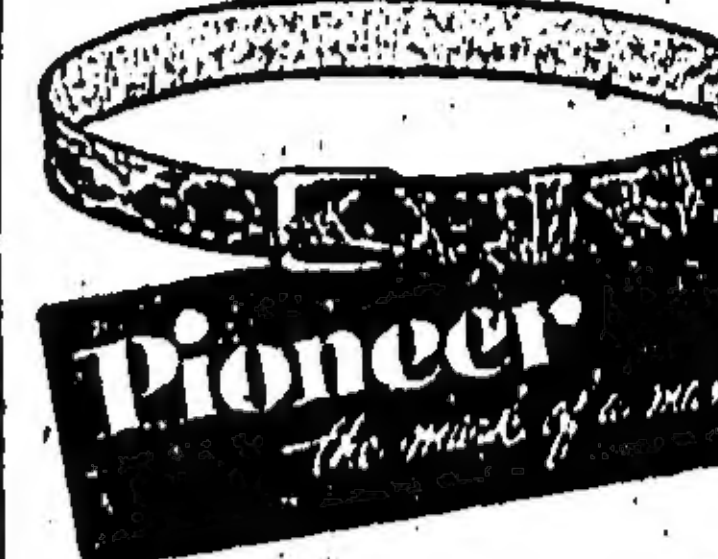


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Menuetto
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32 Variations in
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- Fantasy Op. 17 SCHUMANN
— INTERVAL —
- Cathedral Eng- DEBUSSY
loutie
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2. Bulgarian
Dances
- Scherzo No. 3 CHOPIN
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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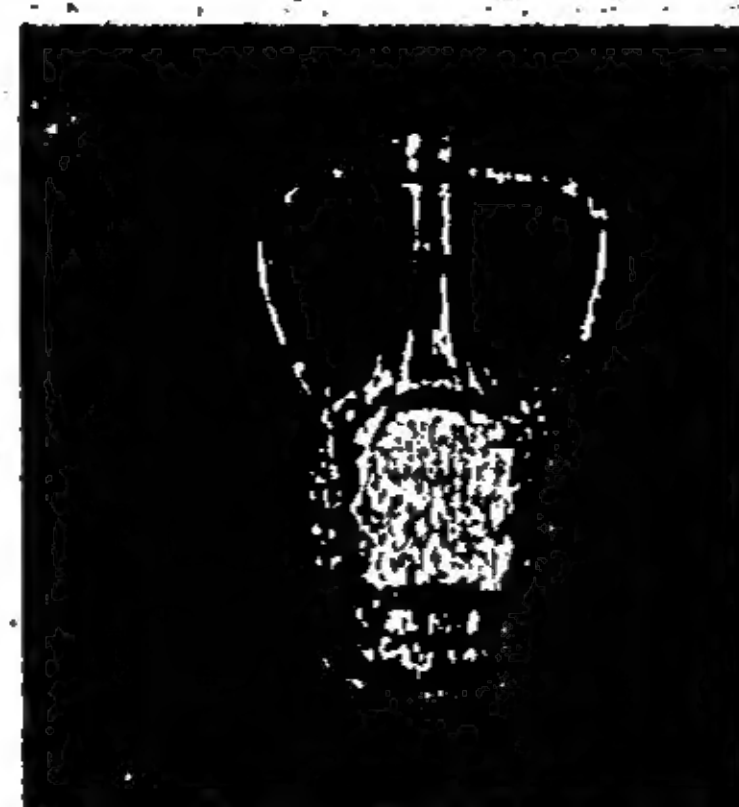
the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Pretty Bronze Vases Made From Wine Bottles

By Cortrude A. Springer

WHY not start a new hobby — making bronze vases from wine bottles?

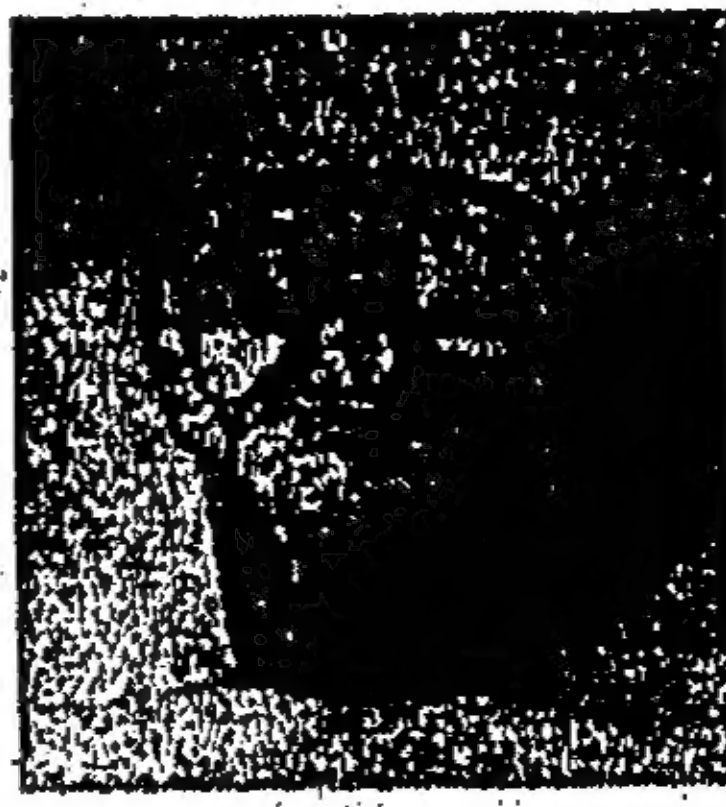
They are easy to make and the gold or silver paint is your biggest expense. Take an empty wine bottle (first picture), some stove-pipe wire (hardware), powdered asbestos (hardware), a bit of Portland cement or brick mortar and your gold or silver paint or



lacquer and some inch-wide strips of old cloth. Study the wine bottle and decide just how big the handles should be, then build them as you are shown in the first picture.



Then mix up your mortar by using about one-fourth powdered asbestos and three-fourths cement and mix in just enough water to make it like thick dough and so it will stick to the bottle. If you get it too



wet, add more powdered asbestos. Make it "damp dry."

Cover the vase first, then cover the handles as shown in picture two, then wrap the handles with the strips of cloth or with pie tape and leave these strips on until the handles are dry, which will be two or three days.

Then decorate the vase by shaping little wads of the cement mixture like flowers and leaves and pressing them onto the covered vase. (See picture three). You can make any design you want.

Paint the vase when dry in your gold or silver and the design in contrasting colours and use any kind of paints or enamels. The vase shown was painted in gold and the flower in red and the leaves in green enamels.

Talk Things Over Before Asking For A Puppy As Present

BY BESS RITTER

YOU MIGHT be considering asking for a puppy for your next birthday. They are wonderful gifts. But it's a good idea to consider a few important factors before making the request.

First: Can the house be suitably set up to provide for his comfort?

Second: Would everybody who lives in it be ready for him also?

ONE OF THE BEST ways to take care of both matters consists of calling a simple family conference together in order to make it very clear from the start as to where the animal will not be welcome.

Investigate the rooms he doesn't go into, the furniture he mustn't sit on and the prize personal possessions that he isn't to be permitted to come in contact with.

This would do more than simply avoid lots of later-on arguments as far as the humans in the household are concerned. For it would make life lots easier for the animal also,

since everybody would be enforcing the self-same set of rules.

ONLY one wants to be in a group agreement as regards the places that would be definitely within bounds for him, with the most important being the place in which he'll sleep. IF YOU PLAN ON ruling out all bedrooms, anywhere else indoors will suit him fine as a place to sleep, excepting for the cold and damp kind, and places in the house that are definitely drafty.

★ ★ ★

Before you even consider a dog, decide, as much as possible, as to "who will do what." ONLY ONE PERSON, for example, should be responsible for feeding, thus making very sure that he doesn't get five or six meals a day from different members of the family at different odd times, all of whom will be convinced that the creature would otherwise be starved amidst plenty.

One person should take the matter of housebreaking exclusively in hand, so that he'll be punished only once for a particular accident, instead of being scolded and slapped over and over.

Also, a single person should be entirely in charge of taking him out, or of assigning the duty and seeing that it's discharged, so that the pet never mixes his important daily romps.

Are you willing to do this or are there others who are ready to share it with you?

Don't accept volunteers at this point, however, in regard to training the dog to obey essential commands such as coming when called, "heeling" and the like. Instead, wait until he's been around for a while, and begins to have mutual love for the member of the family who is fond of him too—probably you—and will consequently have the greatest patience for a tough task like this one.

★ ★ ★

EVERYONE, however, will bear him a real affection for as long as he is with you if you take these precautions. Instead of loving him lavishly for the first few weeks (as often happens) and then considering him nothing more than a to-be-endured-pest, who is responsible for everything from mangled flip-flops to fights among the youngsters. Or, even worse, to turn him over as another job for Mother.

He'll be everybody's angel, and conduct himself around the house with self-confident assurance from the very first week.

NEW ZEALAND HEALTH STAMPS

MOUNT ASPIRING

THE boy with the ruck-sack on his back looks up at Mount Aspiring, a peak almost 10,000 ft. high.



He is a New Zealand boy and his thoughts are above him. He is looking up at Mount Aspiring, a peak almost 10,000 ft. high.

The boy who aspires to conquer ever greater heights is the symbol on New Zealand's health stamps this year.

This is an issue popular with collectors all over the world. The government charges a halfpenny or a penny additional to the face value of the stamp and this little extra helps to pay for 11 health camps. These give more than 2,500 New Zealand children a "get-fit" holiday every year.

The health stamps started in 1929. The two penny and penny issues of 1931, known as the Laughing Boy, are rare now and catalogued at 27 each mint or used.

It seems the government underestimated the demand that year. The 2p stamp, which was sold in the first week, is now sold at 27.

The 1p stamp, which was sold in the first week, is now sold at 27.

A Star Fishing Boat

—Mr. Merlin Produces One From His Sleeves—

By MAX TRELL

"OF course," said Mr. Merlin the Magician, "I'm a very important person when it comes to performing tricks of magic. But I don't like to perform my tricks of magic just to show off."

Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, who were listening to Mr. Merlin, asked him what he meant by that.

Mr. Merlin's Philosophy

"I mean," replied Mr. Merlin, "that I don't do my tricks just to be able to hear people say, 'My, what a wonderful magician that Mr. Merlin the Magician is.'"

"Then why do you do your tricks?" Hanid asked.

"To help people," said Mr. Merlin. "Someone might come to my office and ask me to help them to do something. The only way I can help them is by performing a bit of magic."

Knarf and Hanid were sitting in Mr. Merlin's Magic Office all this time. Scarcely had he finished saying this, when there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Merlin. Instantly the door sprang up in the air (it was a magical door, you see), and in walked three little boys. All of them



Mr. Merlin produced a boat no bigger than a walnut.

were dressed in their pyjamas. All of them were rubbing their eyes and yawning.

"I'm Wynkyn," said the first little boy.

"I'm Blynkyn," said the second little boy.

"And you're Nod," said Mr. Merlin the Magician.

The third little boy nodded, for his name was really Nod.

A Warm Welcome

"Please be seated," said Mr. Merlin, "or perhaps," he added, "you'd rather lie down." Mr. Merlin clapped his hands three times and instantly three beds appeared in the room, with fresh white pillow cases, fresh white sheets and six heavy blankets.

But Wynkyn, Blynkyn and Nod said they preferred to stand. So Mr. Merlin snapped his fingers and the beds instantly folded themselves up and shot out of the window.

"Now what can I do for you?" Mr. Merlin said to Wynkyn, Blynkyn and Nod.

"We'd like to go fishing," said Wynkyn.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Merlin. "Fishing? At this time of the night?"

"We want to go fishing for stars," said Blynkyn.

"I declare," said Mr. Merlin, "for stars? Strangest thing I've ever heard of. You'd have to go fishing up in the sky."

"That's right," said Nod. "And we haven't got a boat."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Merlin. "You can't go fishing up in the sky for stars unless you have the proper kind of sky-boat. This calls for a bit of magic, doesn't it? Well, let's see what we can do."

At this Mr. Merlin shook his sleeve and out dropped a tiny boat, no bigger than a walnut. With a matchstick and a bit of paper, he made a sail and with three toothpicks, he made three oars.

"There you are," he said, to Wynkyn, Blynkyn and Nod. "Climb in! I think you'll find everything all right."

"It looks awfully small—"

Hanid interrupted. Knarf was about to say the same thing. But then a surprising thing happened (if anything more surprising than what had already happened, could happen). The three little boys suddenly became as small as pins and fitted very nicely inside the walnut shell boat.

Novel Fishing Net

They all started rowing and the next moment they rowed up the chimney and into the sky.

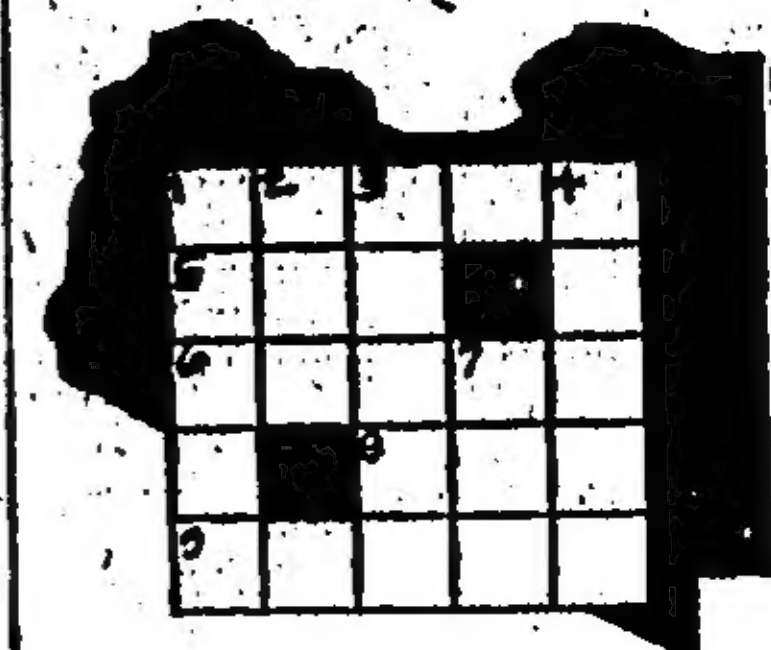
"But you forgot to give them a fishing net!" shouted Knarf. "Dear me," said Mr. Merlin. Then he reached in his coat pocket and took it out. The chimney after them. "Glad you reminded me," he said to Knarf.

Knarf and Hanid were very proud of Mr. Merlin. They saw that he was a real magician.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

TODAY'S crossword puzzle about Libya has the silhouette of that country for its background:



DIAMOND

TRIPOLI, one of Libya's two capitals, forms the centre of this word diamond. Second word is an abbreviation for "transpose"; third is "hacked"; fifth "rago"; and sixth "a shade tree."

TRIPOLI
O
L
I

(Solutions on Page 20)

ACROSS

- Country of our visit
- Girl's name
- This country is in—Africa
- Female deer
- Pauses

DOWN

- Ocean vessel
- Artificial language
- Poets
- Pains
- Small child

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

The Puzzlerman had trouble making up a sentence about Libya and needs your help to get it in correct order:

economically the and regions, one world's most Libya of backwards is poorest

LIBYA REBUS

Use the words and pictures fully to find the four facts about Libya that have been hidden in this rebus:

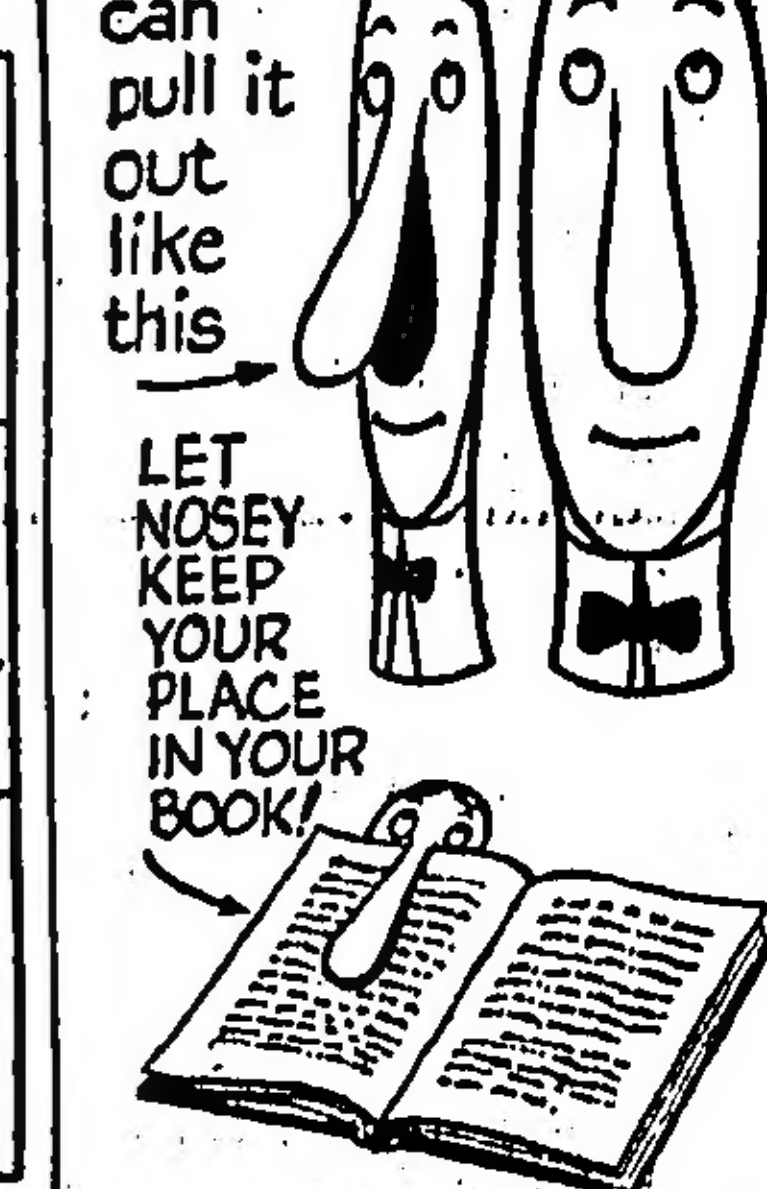


A NOSEY BOOK/MARK

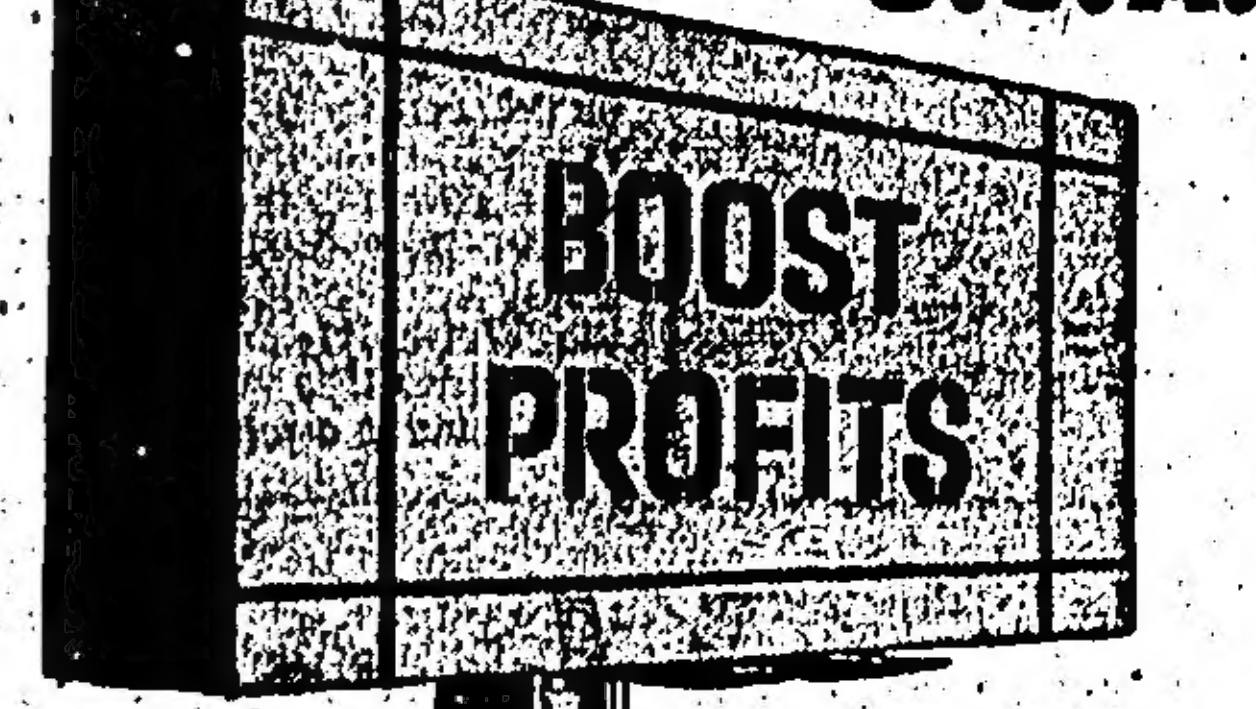


1. Draw a funny face with a long nose like this on a piece of thin cardboard... cut out the face and color it with WATERCOLOR PAINTS or CRAYONS.

2. With a sharp knife or scissors, cut a slit around the nose so you can pull it out like this.



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